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KENTUCKY BELLE.

Summer of '63, sir, Conrad had gone away—
Gone to the country town, sir, to sell our first load of hay.
We lived in the log-house yonder—poor, as ever you've seen;
Roschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle;
How much we thought of Kentuck I couldn't begin to tell.
Came from the Blue Grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know;
The house stood in broad cornfields, stretching on, row after row.
The old folks made me welcome—they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing for the hills of the Tennessee.

Oh! for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill,
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still;
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
Never a rise from north to south to rest the weary eye.

From east to west no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon,
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out all forlorn,
Only the rustle, rustle, as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn lands out to this river shore.
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see,
And now I've learned to like it next best to the Tennessee!

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad.
Bareback he rode, he had no hat, he barely stopped to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau, they are galloping up this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind,
He sweeps up all the horses, every horse that he can find;
Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols are galloping up the glen!"

The lad rode down the valley and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor,
Kentuck was out in the pasture, Conrad, my man, was gone,
Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby and ran to the pasture bar,
"Kentuck!" I called, "Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far,
I led her down to the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her there to the bushes, her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound,
The sound of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground,
Coming into the turnpike out from the White Woman Glen,
Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew, and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm.
But still I stood in the doorway with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along,
Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and his band six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding by night and by day,
Pressing on east to the river, many long miles away,
To the border strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
And fording the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried and Morgan rode in advance;
Bright were his eyes like live coals as he gave me a sideways glance,
And I was just breathing freely after my choking pain
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir, I scarce dared look in his face
As he asked for a drink of water and glanced about the place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see,
Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir, a fond mother's only son;
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun;
The damp drops stood on his temples, drawn was his boyish mouth,
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South.

Oh! pluck he was to the backbone, sir, and clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper, but the big words wouldn't do—
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But when I told the laddie that I, too, was from the South,
Water came in the dim eyes and quivers around the mouth.
"Do you know the Blue Grass country?" he wistful began to say;
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log house and worked and brought him to,
I fed him and I coaxed him as I thought his mother'd do;
And when the lad got better and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh! I must go," he muttered, "I must be up and away,
Morgan, Morgan is waiting me, oh, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping and kept him back from the door,
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs which I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode and black they looked galloping rapidly.
They had followed hard on Morgan's track, they had followed day and night,
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days,
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways,
Now, here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now west, now east,
Through river valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride, but they were taken at last.
They had almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast,
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan, the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will,
But he was too weak to follow, and lay there pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to that gully and fetched up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead, my pretty, gentle lass,
But I knew that she'd be happy back in old Blue Grass.
A half-worn suit of Conrad's with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentucky, I gave to that worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the road, away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle.

When Conrad came in the evening the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him why—
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the well,
And a poor, old horse with drooping head stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind and never once said a harsh word to me.
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the Tennessee.
And when the war was over just think what came to pass:
A letter, sir, and the two were safe back in the old Blue Grass!

The lad had got across the border riding Kentucky Belle,
And Kentuck she was thriving and fat and hearty and well,
He'd cared for her and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur—
Ah, we've had many horses since, but never a horse like her!

—*Constance F. Woolson.*

THE STOLEN NOTE.

Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest, high-minded and extraordinary man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober he did well.

He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift he had secured money enough to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before for $3,000, paying $1,000 down, and securing the balance by mortgage to the seller.

The mortgage was almost due at the time circumstances made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up the money; there seemed to be no possibility of an accident. I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some little collecting and drawn up legal documents for him. One day his daughter Annie came to my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.

"Perhaps not, Miss Wallace," said I, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a bright aspect. "What has happened?"

"My father," she replied, "had the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live, but it is all gone now."

"Has he lost it?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. Last week he drew two thousand dollars from the bank and lent it to Mr. Bryce for ten days."

"Who is Mr. Bryce?"

"He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler, who boards with us, and who is Mr. Bryce's clerk."

"Does Mr. Bryce refuse to pay it."

"He says he has paid it."

"Well, what is the trouble, then?"

"Father says he has not paid it."

"Indeed! But the note will prove that he has paid it. Of course, you have the note?"

"No. Mr. Bryce has it."

"Then, of course, he has paid it?"

"I suppose he has, or he could not have the note."

"What does your father say?"

"He is positive that he never received the money. The mortgage, he says, must be paid to-morrow."

"Very singular! Was your father—"

I hesitated to use the unpleasant word, which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl.

"Mr. Bryce says father was not quite right when he paid him, but not very bad."

"I will see your father."

"He is coming here in a few moments; I thought I would see you first and tell you the facts before he came."

"I do not see how Bryce could have obtained the note unless he paid the money. Where did your father keep it?"

"He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary."

"Who was in the room when you put it in the secretary?"

"Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my father and myself."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as from the debauch from which he was recovering.

"She has told you about it, I suppose?" said he, in a very low tone.

"She has."

I pitied him, poor fellow, for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo to appreciate it.

"What passed between you on that day?"

"Well, I merely stepped into his office—it was only the day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have the money for me by to-morrow. He took me into his back office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went into the front office, where I heard him send George out to the bank to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then."

"What does the clerk say about it?"

"He says Mr. Bryce remarked when he sent him that he was going to pay me the money."

"Just so."

"And when George came in he went into the front office again and took the money. Then he came to me again and did not offer to pay me the money."

"Had you the note with you?"

"No; now I remember, he said he supposed I had not the note with me or he would pay it. I told him to come in the next day and I would have it ready—that was yesterday. When I came to look for the note it could not be found. Annie and I have hunted the house all over."

"You told Bryce so."

"I did. He laughed, and showed me his note, with his signature crossed over with ink and a hole punched through it."

"It is plain, Mr. Wallace, that he paid you the money, as alleged, or has obtained fraudulent possession of the note, and intends to cheat you out of the amount."

"He never paid me," he replied, firmly.

"Then he has fraudulently obtained possession of the note. What sort of a person is that Chandler who boards with you?"

"A fine young man. Bless you, he would not do anything of the kind."

"I am sure he would not," repeated Annie, earnestly.

"How else could Bryce obtain the note but through him? What time does he come home at night?"

"Always at teatime. He never goes out in the evening."

"But, father, he did not come home till 10 o'clock the night before you went to Bryce's. He had to stay in the office to post books, or something of the kind."

"How did he get in?"

"He has a night key."

"I must see Chandler," said I.

"No harm in seeing him," added Mr. Wallace; "I will go for him."

In a few moments he returned with the young man Chandler, who, in the conversation I had with him, manifested a very lively interest in the solution of the mystery, and professed himself ready to do anything to forward my views.

"When did you return to the house on Thursday night?"

"About twelve."

"Twelve!" said Annie, "it was not more than ten when I heard you."

"The clock struck twelve as I turned the corner of the street," replied Chandler, positively.

"I certainly heard some one in the front room at ten," said Annie, looking with astonishment at those around her.

"We're getting at something," said I. "How did you get in?"

The young man smiled as he glanced at Annie, and said:

"On arriving at the door I found I had lost my night-key. At that moment a watchman happened along and I told him my situation. He knew me, and taking a ladder from an unfinished house opposite placed it against one of the second story windows, and I entered in that way."

"Good. Now who was it that was heard in the parlor unless it was Bryce or one of his accomplices? He must have taken the key from your pocket, Chandler, and stolen the note from the secretary. At any rate, I will charge him with the crime, let what may happen. Perhaps he will confess when hard pushed."

Acting upon this thought, I wrote a lawyer's letter—"demanded against you," etc.—which was immediately sent to Mr. Bryce. Cautioning the parties not to speak of the affair, I dismissed them.

Bryce came.

"Well, sir, what have you to say against me?" he asked stiffly.

"A claim on the part of John Wallace for $2,000," I replied, poking over my papers and appearing perfectly indifferent.

"Paid it," he said, short as pie-crust.

"Have you?" said I, looking him sharply in the eye.

The rascal quailed. I saw that he was a villain.

"Nevertheless, if within an hour you do not pay me $2,000, and $100 for the trouble and anxiety you have caused my client, at the end of the next hour you will be lodged in jail to answer a criminal charge."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean what I say. Pay, or take the consequences."

It was a bold charge, and if he had looked like an honest man I should not have dared to make it.

"I have paid the money, I tell you," said he; "I have the note in my possession."

"Where did you get it?"

"I got it when I paid the—"

"When you feloniously entered the house of John Wallace on Thursday night at 10 o'clock and took the said note from the secretary."

"You have no proof," said he, grasping a chair for support.

"That is my lookout. I have no time to waste. Will you pay or go to jail?"

He saw that the evidence I had was too strong for his denial, and he drew his check on the spot for twenty-one hundred dollars, and after begging me not to mention the affair he sneaked off.

I cashed the check and hastened to Wallace's house. The reader may judge with what satisfaction he received it, and how rejoiced was Annie and her lover. Wallace insisted that I should take $100 for my trouble, but I was magnanimous to keep only $20. Wallace signed the pledge, and was ever after a temperate man. He died a few years ago, leaving a handsome property to Chandler and his wife, the marriage between him and Annie having taken place shortly after the above-narrated circumstances occurred.

Paralyzed by a Snake-Bite.

A man named Joseph G. Martine suffers from a most singular affliction. Martine was bitten by a snake on the 14th of last December. The reptile was not considered to be of a poisonous species. The wound, which was on the right wrist, healed in due time, and nothing further was thought of the incident until March 23, when a feeling of numbness set in his arm. Thence the feeling extended until it affected the entire right side of his body and the limbs attached thereto. Since May 10 the application of a red-hot iron to the flesh on that side of his body causes him no pain whatever, but if a piece of ice or a drop of water is touched to it he is thrown into violent convulsions. The left side is entirely unaffected. His mental faculties and digestive organs are also unaffected, and he talks as cheerfully and eats as heartily as any healthy being, but he is helpless so far as concerns manual labor or physical exercise. He can stand only when leaning against some object on his right.—*Gridley (Cal.) Herald.*

Headless Insect.

Science does not gain much from experiments in cutting off the heads of insects to see how they will act after decapitation, but a scientific gentleman named M. Palestrina, who has lately diverted himself in that manner, makes some surprising announcements as the results of his experiments. Flies, he finds, experience very little inconvenience from the operation—in fact, they scarcely appear to be conscious of it. Butterflies use their wings with perfect ease eighteen days after their heads have been severed from their bodies; crickets and grasshoppers jump about with their accustomed liveliness until the thirteenth day, when they seem to grow dejected and aware that there is something amiss with them; ants run hither and thither briskly in a headless state for a period of about a week; in short, all the insects M. Palestrina has experimented upon appear to manage almost aswell without as with their heads.

Statistics show that the growth of timber in Kansas is yearly increasing beyond the consumption

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

MOMENTOUS, AT LEAST, TO YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS.

How Shall a Man Propose?—The Question Answered by a Number of Ladies, Married and Single.

THE THING THAT FEW KNOW.

"How shall a man propose in order to be successful in his suit?" repeated one of our most intelligent society ladies, whose silver locks only serve to enhance the beauty of her still youthful face. "In my opinion, though all men know well enough how to 'make love,' there is not one in a thousand who knows how to propose. My husband spent six months protesting and convincing me of his love, which, by the way, I was well aware from the first, without once asking me the important question, 'Will you marry me?' and finally one day said to me, with a disheartened air, 'You are like all the rest, a perfect enigma. I have spent months trying to win you, and I do not know that I have made any impression upon you; you are as hard to unravel as the scarf you wear around your throat.' 'This,' I exclaimed, in the most innocent way, 'why, 'tis no difficult task to unravel it, if you only get hold of the right string.' He saw the point, took hold of the right string, and—" "His arm took the place of the scarf?" "Well, neither of us have ever regretted it."

ON HIS KNEES.

One lady, the wife of a learned judge, said: "'Tis eighteen years since that dear man made a fool of me, and after so great a lapse of time you cannot expect me to remember how he did it. I'll vow he went down on his knees, though you wouldn't think it to look at his rotund proportions. And I was silly enough to believe every word he said, and when he declared solemnly that he would shoot himself if I did not marry him of course I consented, just to save his life; but I'll not be so silly another time—if he only gives me the chance."

"Don't believe a word of that," chimed in the judge from behind his paper. "I was actually compelled to ask her to marry me to get rid of the trouble of taking her or some other girl around; I saw she was in love with me, and thought she would do as well as any other. Now, that sums up the whole history of this case."

VIGOROUS COURTSHIP.

A bright-eyed girl, who is a skillful angler for hearts, thinks a young man, to be successful, should propose after a very short acquaintance, take the girl by storm, as it were, while she is pleased with a new beau, and before she has time to tire of him, then follow the proposal up with a vigorous courtship, lots of flowers and bon bons, drives, theatre parties, etc., and, if she consents, insist upon a short engagement by all means.

UNEXPECTED VOWS.

Another well-known blonde beauty, who has created sad havoc, and had much experience in this line, says the only successful way is to propose when least expected. Allow no time for consideration, and then insist that the acceptance must be "now or never." She feels sure that is the only way that she will ever be captured, but she thinks few men are bold enough to try that game.

LOVER'S BORES.

One well-known belle and beauty says that "she has had so many make love to her that she hardly knows what is the best and most successful method. She was more occupied in studying how to prevent an approach to the subject than in facilitating it. Beaux were all lovely until they became lovers, then they became bores, for they moved, thought and talked constantly of themselves and their happiness, while she wished to be thinking of herself and her own happiness. Marriage is quite another thing, is quite easily settled when one finds a suitable partner."

AROUND THE WAIST.

A married lady, in whose household the little god of love certainly made his abode, says the only successful proposition of which she knows anything was made without a word being spoken: "John and I sat looking in the fire a long time, without saying anything, when all at once he put his arm around me, drew me to him and kissed me. When father came in a moment later he said: 'Major, I'm going to steal your daughter.'"

WILY WIDOWERS.

A dark-eyed girl, with a tangle of soft brown hair shading her brow, says "if a fellow is desperately in love with a girl, and persistent in his efforts to win her, he is sure to gain his suit. Widowers understand this point, and know exactly how to make love and propose, and you will observe they are always successful." She knows one case where a widower went in and hung up his hat, announcing his intention of remaining until he was accepted, and the girl had to marry him to get rid of him. A widower beau makes her nervous about the result.

MARRYING IN HASTE.

"The quickest courtship on record," said one old resident, "was that of Dr. Nick McDowell, who, driving along the street in his buggy one day, saw a beautiful girl standing at the window. He immediately stopped and hitched his horse, rang the bell, inquired the lady's name, was ushered into the parlor, announced his own name, said he was 'pleased with her appearance and wished to marry her at once.' Nothing but the knowledge that she was actually in the presence of the celebrated physician kept her from fainting. To her plea of 'surprise at this unexpected announcement,' he only replied, 'Now or never.' When she asked to 'take a week to consider,' he said, 'I am going down street to attend a critical case and have no time to spare right now.'

"Give me a day, then."

"'I'll tell you what I'll do. When I am through with this professional visit, I'll drive around and get a preacher; if you've made up your mind to marry me by that time, all right!' and he left her, breathless and unable to articulate another word. When he returned they were quietly married. 'No cards.'"

NO "PARLOR" BEAU.

A society girl, who evidently has a head for business as well as beaux, says: "No 'parlor beau' need ever propose with any hope of success, for after a girl is compelled to bend her whole energies to the task of entertaining him 'quietly at home' for six months she would be appalled at the proposition to spend the balance of her life 'quietly at home.'" She explains that a "parlor beau" is that selfish, egotistical individual who, being a man, has as much variety and change as he wants, and thinks himself sufficiently interesting to entertain a girl without any assistance in the way of theatres, parties and drives, but leaves the other fellows to amuse her in that way.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Romance of a Foundling.

A Paris letter says: The latest bit of sensational news recorded by the Parisian newspapers concerns a foundling. Everybody is asking who left that smiling infant where the head cook of the Marquise de Tamisier found it. The noble lady had gone to a dinner party, so that the cook had his evening to himself, and took advantage of it to smoke a post-prandial cigar in the leafy solitudes near the lake in the Bolougne wood. Suddenly, while wandering along the Alee des Acacias, he heard a noise. Drawing from his pocket a long knife, he plunged into the leafy solitude, regardless of consequences. The further he penetrated the louder was heard the noise; he passed on, and finally, in one of the thickest of the thickets, at about 100 yards from the Chinese pavilion, he came upon the vocalist, and the knife dropped from his manly grasp as he perceived in a cradle covered with costly lace, the smiling cherub. How he took in all the details at first sight, without the aid of a lantern, and there being no gas turned on in the neighboring Chinese pavilion, I cannot tell, but it seems that he did, for he declares that the creature smiled upon him with confiding sweetness. His heart was quite overwhelmed with joy as he picked up the baby, but what must have been his feelings when he afterward opened and read the contents of a sealed envelope lying beneath the pillow. "Whoever you may be that finds this child," said the letter, "bring it up tenderly, and in the path of duty, and not only will you be rewarded by your conscience, but practically. Never will I abandon you. I shall watch over you as you watch over her, and when she has attained her majority you will receive a fortune. Then, if God and men permit, I will reveal my identity; meanwhile, to cover your expenses, I leave under the lace of her cradle a package of bank notes to the value of 15,000 francs." Upon this Mme. de Tamisier's head cook went home, carrying the child with him; a nurse was found, and the little waif was then and there adopted, with the authorization of the magistrate round the corner, to whom the touching story was related. Is the tale true? That I cannot say, at least so far as regards what may happen in the way of future remittances; but one thing is certain, a deserted baby was found in Boulogne wood, and with that baby was found 15,000 francs, wherefore I ask if it be likely that any one would be willing to pay $3,000 for the mere amusement of playing off a hoax.

Witchcraft in England.

A correspondent of the London *Times* says: There is no need to go to West Prussia for witchcraft toward the end of the nineteenth century. In a parish near where the counties of Devon, Dorset and Somerset meet, a young man, being afflicted with scrofula, which caused at times contraction of the muscles of the right thigh and very considerable pain, formed the idea that a poor, delicate woman living next door, wife of a laborer and mother of several children, had bewitched him, and one day, in his agony, rushed into her house with a large sewing needle and, before the woman had time to think, scratched her severely in the neck and in four places on her bare arm, drawing blood in each instance, and then rubbed his hand on the blood and ran off. The poor woman came to me to complain, showing the scratches, and I advised her to take out a summons before the justices; but time passed. The young man, as usual, felt relieved of his pains for a time, and his mother, a widow occupying a few acres of land with cows and pigs, tried to assure me that drawing the blood cured her son, for she considered the other woman had "overlooked" him. This happened some months ago, and I need hardly add that the young man has been several times since periodically similarly afflicted.

Hot Weather Hints.

The best use to put the day of rest is by taking a rest, and giving one to other people.

It is well to remember that clothes were not invented until some time after bodies were manufactured; they were intended for comfort, not to add to human misery; and the worst-looking dress is that which appears to make the wearer thereof uncomfortable.

Instead of driving and tearing about in the heat, and getting crushed to jelly in a crowd of people making each other miserable, better find a cool spot and stick to it.

Shun liquid abominations, from lemonade at a cent a glass to fusil oil and Jersey lightning; the best is none too good for anybody.

Keep out of the streets as much as possible; it is all they are fit for.

Better swim in an ocean of water than put yourself outside a gallon of beer or anything else; water has remarkable ablutionary properties, and there is health and fun, as well as fishes, in it.

Moderation is an excellent tonic, provided one does not take too much of it.

Religion is like ice in midsummer; it keeps things wonderfully; it makes one comfortable, and keeps one cool when other things fail; it is well to replenish the stock once a week at least.—*New York Star.*

A million bricks a week are made in Albany.

A BATTLE AMONG INDIANS.

THE TRAGEDY ENACTED ON THE SHORES OF GRAND LAKE.

How the Cheyennes and the Utes Settled a Standing Dispute—A Bloody Massacre—Indian Superstition.

Referring to the murder of two men at Grand Lake, Col., the Denver (Col.) *Tribune* says: Grand Lake, the scene of the recent tragedy, has a number of romantic associations connected with it weaved with a number of Indian legends, all of them more or less tragic in their character, and all full of the superstition of the red man. To the Indian Grand Lake has a peculiar interest, for with it is connected stories of battles and carnage, heroic bravery and a fierce fight which swept a whole band from the face of the earth. The principal tribes inhabiting this section of the country were the Utes, Arapahoes and Cheyennes, and between the former, who were the mountain Indians, and the latter tribes, who pitched their tepees on the plains, was waged a perpetual warfare. The Utes, if anything, more cruel and unscrupulous than their neighbors of the lowlands, always dwelt in mountain fastnesses, from which they would swoop down from time to time, carrying off the ponies and other valuables of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, provoking each time short battles, in which they were generally victorious. In the spring of 1847 a considerable band of Utes were encamped on the banks of the lake on the exact spot where the town now stands. The snows of the past winter had left the trails sufficiently bare, and the stock of ponies and other luxuries was getting very low, so a considerable portion of the warriors were called together one fine morning by their chief and harangued on the duty they owed to their tribe to inflict punishment on their hereditary enemies, and get some ponies, after which the line of march was taken for the distant plains. After several days of marching the enemy was surprised in a grove of cottonwood on the banks of the Platte, a few miles below where Denver now stands, which was the favorite camping and hunting ground of all the plain Indians. Stealing stealthily upon their foe the attack was made in the gray of the early dawn. Although aroused from their slumbers thus unexpectedly a vigorous defense was made, and the battle raged until the sun was high in the heavens, when the attacking party, being repulsed, retreated, not stopping until they had reached their mountain home on the lake. In their flight, however, they carried off, beside several of the coveted ponies, the fair "Star of the Night," the favorite daughter of the Arapahoe chieftain. As soon as the great loss was discovered all of the young warriors, burning for revenge, clamored for the war-path. But little time was occupied in the funeral dance over the half dozen who had been slain in the battle, when the pursuit was began with a vow from each that no halt should be made until the enemies were punished and the maiden rescued. Silently, like an immense serpent crawling through the defiles and canons, the faint moonlight casting weird shadows from the cliffs above, now wending around some rocky bluff, then stealing through some thicket or scrub-oak, the united bands trod their way, nor paused in their course, following closely in the trail of the despoilers. On the third day, just as the dawn was breaking, they came upon the camp of the enemy, who, tired with the fatigues of their long march and battle, were sleeping soundly. Like a whirlwind of destruction was poured the arrows of the avengers into the bodies of the sleepers, and many of them never awoke to consciousness. A stubborn resistance, however, was made by the Utes, and the battle lasted the whole day through. The latter, as a measure of safety, placed all the squaws and pappooses in the camp in the canoes belonging to the tribe, and directed them to proceed to the center of the lake to await the issue of the fight. As the day wore on, however, the sky became overcast, a furious storm arose, and one by one the frail barks were wrecked until out of the whole number of frightened women and children not a soul remained. The Utes received a terrible punishment, for out of the six score of warriors composing the band but few escaped to tell the tale to the other bands of the distant West. The victors, flushed with their victory, returned to their beloved plains and were never afterward troubled by these dreaded enemies.

Since the day of the battle the place has ever been regarded by the Indians as haunted by the spirits of those who perished there, the soughing of the wind as it moans through the tall pines around the lake being, in the superstitious minds of these sons of the forest, the cries of and shrieks of the women and children drowned on that fateful day. Recent events would seem to lend some color to the Indian theory that an uncanny spell hovers over the place, and Grand Lake, with all its natural beauties of mountain and lake, will ever carry with its mention the memory of fiendish deeds and scenes of carnage, which will repel for a long time any idea of a rapid settlement of the country.

What Editors Want.

The *Literary World* has a word of advice to the applicants for editorial and other newspaper positions, which, inasmuch as applicants are rather numerous about this time, is worth heeding. "There is no room for men in journalism," it says, "but there is room for work." The applicant waits on the editor, hat in hand, and the editor gives him the stereotyped answer: "No additional help wanted in this office." If a stranger succeeds it will not be by pushing himself in, but by presenting his writing. Editors, as a rule, take interest, not in individuals, but in manuscripts. Angle for an editor's attention, it suggests. Throw him an article at which you think he will bite; if he does not, try him with a second. Be anxious to give him a little better work than anybody else—better in subject, better in treatment. If that be done, one's place is sure if he can only wait. If any one has journalistic ability it will be found out and he will be sent for. If he has not, he had better try something else.

A RIVAL TO THE ALPS.

MR. EDMUNDS' TRIP TO A WASHINGTON TERRITORY GLACIER.

Scenery Far Grander Than Any in Switzerland—A Majestic Mass of Ice Overlooking Stupendous Canons.

United States Senator Edmunds, during his trip to Washington Territory, visited the glaciers existing on Mount Tacoma. To a correspondent of the *Oregonian*, Senator Edmunds said in reference to these glaciers:

I absolutely never believed there was anything in America comparable in grandeur to the scenery I have seen on my necessarily brief visit to Mount Tacoma. The access, thanks to the well-cut trails made by the engineer of the Northern Pacific railroad, is easy, and, as I learn from Mr. Oakes, will be made as easy as a carriage-road or nearly so within a month from now. To express half of my admiration for the transcendant grandeur of every part of the scenery, and especially of the glacier, would be impossible. A more perfect glacier, in all the features found in such phenomena, it would be impossible to find. Certainly no Alpine glacier excels it in perfection, and yet, as I was given to understand, it is the least in point of size of all that have been discovered on this mountain. I cannot help saying that I am thoroughly convinced that no resort in the United States will be so much sought after as this when once people come to know that what men cross the Atlantic to see can be seen in equal splendor, if not surpassed, at home.

I hear doubts expressed as to whether Mount Tacoma can be ascended, but a steady head, a sure foot, a reliable alpenstock, and a little determination could probably accomplish what is, of course, a very daring feat. New Tacoma has a fortune in the fact that it is the best point from which to start to this the grandest of all American mountains, and I learn from Mr. Oakes that guides and all conveniences will be afforded to tourists desirous of visiting this magnificent scene. If Switzerland is rightly called the playground of Europe, I am satisfied that around the base of Mount Tacoma will become a prominent place of resort, not for Americans only, but for the world beside.

I need not deal with the particulars of our journey, as you can get them minutely logged by my young friend, Lieutenant Arthur. Let me only add this much in this regard, that nothing could be, to me at least, more enjoyable than the gradual approach to the inner circle of the court where the monarch of our northern mountains reigns supreme. The emotions stirred in one's breast—at least they were in mine—completely defy all the powers of language to express. When we reached the foot of the glaciers, footsore and weary as we were, I could not help pausing in breathless silence as we reviewed this majestic mass of ice, imbedded in the bosom of this gigantic monarch among the Alps. If it was not the grandest of the group, as we were informed by Mr. Willis, who was one of our party, it was enough magnificence for us. The stupendous sides of the canon in which the glaciers lay formed a setting perfect in its harmony of contrast, if the term be admissable to the pagodas and pinnacles of the secluded mass of ice.

I have been through the Swiss mountains, and I am compelled to own that, incredible as the assertion may appear, there is absolutely no comparison between the finest effects that are exhibited there and what is seen in approaching this grand isolated mountain. I would be willing to go 500 miles again to see that scene. This continent is yet in ignorance of the existence of what will be one of the grandest show places, as well as a sanitarium.

The Turkish Grocer.

The Turkish grocer, conspicuous by his snow-white turban and his flowing beard, sits cross-legged on the high-raised floor of his shop, with a by no means distant background of canisters and bottles; with his scales suspended from the roof, and with all the materials of his trade close and ready to his hand. Usually a female friend or purchaser is also seated on the shop-board, but with her legs dependent in the street. Of course she wears a yashmak and feringee, but a yashmak is no bar to oral conversation, and still less is it a bar to the language of the eyes, and conversation, of the one kind or the other, goes on for an indefinite time between the grocer and his visitor. When a veritable customer arrives the old Turk does not trouble himself to remove the chibouque from his lips but stretches out his hand to the required canister or bottle, draws down the scales from the roof, and supplies the article demanded. Sitting, as he does, a little above the faces of his customers, he looks down gravely and benevolently upon them and seems to say: "Look around, there are no dark corners to my shop; no sand can lurk undetected in the sugar which I present to you in the light of the blazing sun, nor could the insidious horse bean, if I were to introduce it among the fragrant berries of Mocha, escape your penetrating gaze."

The restaurateur's cook, as he stands behind his smoking pots and shining stewpans, in like manner takes the entire crowd of spectators into his confidence, and defies them to mistake a rabbit, which he dissects before them, for a cat or a puppy. All the tradesmen and handicraftsmen seem to say to the intending purchasers: "Behold us! We are all fair and above board. You will find in us no untradesmanlike artifices. We lay bare to you all the arts and mysteries of our crafts. Would you buy a yorghan (wadded quilt), you shall see us weigh out the cotton which it shall contain, and you may watch us as we make it up, and judge for yourselves whether we are the men to connive at a surreptitious insertion of inferior material."

The "assisted" emigrant is one that is sent to this country as a pauper with passage paid. The "assisted" tramp is one that is urged out of your yard with a boot.—*Picayune.*

Can't get drunk on water? Nonsense! Go on a yachting trip and see if you can't.—*Boston Transcript.*

LIFE'S TRUE SIGNIFICANCE.

Deeper than all sense of seeing
Lies the secret source of being,
And the soul with truth agreeing
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;
For the life is more than raiment,
And the earth is pledged for payment
Unto man for all his needs.

Nature is our common mother,
Every living man our brother,
Therefore let us serve each other;
Not to meet the law's behests,
But because through cheerful giving
We shall learn the art of living;
And to live and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies;
Not a game of idle chances;
But it steadily advances
Up the rugged heights of time,
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every sad hope's broken bubble
Hath a meaning most sublime.

More of religion, less profession;
More of firmness, less concession;
More of freedom, less oppression,
In the church and in the state;
More of life and less of fashion;
More of love and less of passion;
That will make us good and great.

When true hearts, divinely gifted,
From the chaff of error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,
Shall the world most clearly see
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self denial,
Calls on men to do and be.

But forever and forever
Let it be the soul's endeavor
Love from hatred to dissever.
And in whate'er we do,
Won by love's eternal beauty,
To our highest sense of duty
Evermore be firm and true.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The prince of Wails—A baby.

Passed balls—Last winter's festivities.—*Lowell Courier.*

Every machinist has at least one vice.—*New York News.*

Even the quietest woman can make a bustle when she takes a notion to.—*The Judge.*

"Please give me something, sir," says an old woman. "I had a blind child; he was my only means of subsistence, and the poor boy has recovered his sight!"

"Papa," said a lad the other night, after attentively studying for some minutes an engraving of a human skeleton, "how did this man manage to keep in his dinner?"

A London oculist says that culture diminishes the size of the eyes. Now, just listen to that! Everybody knows that small i's are a sign of the entire absence of culture.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Alexis Campbell was locked up by the St. Louis police because, after nine sherry cobblers, he couldn't walk or stand straight. It was the last straw, you see, that broke the Campbell's back.—*Life.*

"There is one thing connected with your table," said a drummer to a Western landlord, "that is not surpassed even by the best hotels in Chicago." "Yes," replied the pleased landlord, "and what is that?" "The salt."—*Rochester Express.*

Papa—"What! Jimmy, you smoke? and what do you smoke, pray?" Jimmy—"I smoke cubebs." Papa—"And why do you smoke them?" Jimmy—"Oh! they are good for a bad cold." Papa—"How often do you have a bad cold?" Jimmy—"Oh, whenever you give me ten cents."—*New York Life.*

"Mamma, what's a book-worm?" "One who loves to read and study and collect books, my dear." The next night company called. Miss Edith, who wears rings innumerable, was present. "Oh, mamma, look at Miss Edith's rings. I guess she is a ring-worm, ain't she?"—*Springfield (O.) News.*

"She thirsted for one fond look—she starved for a kiss denied," says Ella Wheeler in one of her poems. Poor thing! In these days, when "fond looks" are flying all about from every street corner, and "kisses" are not denied when anybody knows where they are wanted, is too bad. We have heard of "starving to death in the midst of plenty." This poor creature seems to be trying it on.—*Hartford Post.*

A friend, visiting in a minister's family where the parents were very strict in regard to the children's Sabbath deportment, was confidentially informed by one of the little girls that she would like to be a minister. "Why?" inquired the visitor, rather puzzled to understand what had given the child so sudden an admiration for that calling. She quickly enlightened him by the prompt reply: "So I could holler on Sunday."

Three Hundred Years Ago.

Says the Glasgow *Mail:* What would servants in the present day say to such a code of rules and regulations as was adopted three hundred years ago in the household of Sir J. Harrington, the translator of "Ariosto?" A servant absent from prayers to be fined 2d.; for uttering an oath, 1d.; and the same sum for leaving the door open; a fine of 2d., from Lady Day to Michaelmas, for all who are in bed after 7, or out after 9; a fine of 1d. for any beds unmade, fire unlit, or candle-box uncleaned after 8; a fine of 4d. for any man detected teaching the children bad words; a fine of 1d. for any man waiting without a trencher, or who is absent at a meal; for any one breaking any of the butler's glass, 12d.; a fine of 2d. for any one who has not laid the table for dinner by 10:30, or supper by 6; a fine of 4d. for any one absent a day without leave; for any man striking another, a fine of 1d.; for any follower visiting the cook, 1d.; a fine of 1d. for any man appearing in a foul shirt, broken hose, antied shoes, or torn doublet; a fine of 1d. for any stranger's room left for four hours after he be dressed; a fine of 1d. if the hall be not cleansed by 8 in winter and 7 in summer; the porter to be fined 1d. if the court gate be not shut during meals; a fine of 3d. if the stairs be not cleaned every Friday after dinner. All these fines were deducted by the steward at the quarterly payment of the men's wages.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1883.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1883.
ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The Press entered its thirty-first (31st) volume on January 1st, 1883.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the Press more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
Salem, N. C., Jan. 30, 1883.

WHEAT AND CATTLE FAIR.

Fair will open at 10.30. Music by Band. Mayor Buxton will call meeting to order. Prayer by Dr. E. Rondthaler. Gov. Jarvis will address the people soon after 11 o'clock.

Mr. Hazard will deliver his address on milch cattle, in the afternoon. Examination of Judges.

On Friday morning at 10 o'clock, Mr. Hazard will deliver the address on Modern Agriculture.

Awards read and Premiums given. Fair closes at 1.30, P. M. Auction at 3, P. M.

HARPER'S MONTHLY is full of the best Summer reading. The illustrations are beautiful. Much careful work is done in making up a readable number for the season, entirely different from its contemporaries. This always make Harper readable.

Death of Judge Black.

WASHINGTON, August 20.—The following circular announcing the death of Judge Jeremiah Black, was issued from the State Department to-day:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, August 20.—The President directs the undersigned to perform the painful duty of announcing to the people of the United States that Jeremiah S. Black, formerly Secretary of State, and distinguished by faithful services in various public trusts, departed this life at 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 19th inst. As a mark of respect it is hereby directed that the department of State be closed on Tuesday, August 21st, the day of the funeral; that the building be draped for thirty days and that the flag be placed at half mast until after the funeral. Signed, Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State. A similar notice was issued from the department of justice.

The Oaks of North Carolina.

The oaks rank with the pines in value, and excel them in variety of uses, number of species and extent of distribution. While the pine, (a single species) gives character to about one-third of the forest area of the State, the oaks dominate not less than two-thirds. There are 20 species in the United States, all of them found in North Carolina, with possibly one insignificant exception. Among these the most important are: The white oaks, of which there are several species, the most valuable, Quercus alba, Q. obtusiloba, (post oak and Q. prinus;) forming extensive forests in all sections of the State. On account of its strength and durability and great abundance, its uses are important and manifold, both for domestic purposes and for export in the form of staves and ship timber. The shipyards of Liverpool are already seeking their material in the forests of middle North Carolina.

Several other species of oak are also of wide and varied use, chiefly the red oak, (Q. rubra,) black oak, (Q. tinctoria,) and willow oak, (Q. phellos,) which are abundant throughout the middle and western districts, and often grow to a very great size. Live oak (Q. virens,) is found only in the seaboard region, whose value in ship-building is well known.—*Washington C. Kerr, State Geologist.*

Build Up Your Town.

It is a well established principle, says the Clarksville *Virginian*, that the people make the place; not its facilities for business. It is true that an energetic and prosperous people may be kept back by a lack of natural advantages, but this is not often the case.

A thousand towns are held in check by the greed and want of public spirit of the people where one is kept down by the location. Push and energy overcome all obstacles; indifference to improvement and new enterprises will kill the best locality.

So a town is to be just what the citizens make it. If the citizens prefer to patronize the mechanics of other places that helps to keep the place down.

The people should be united as far as the public good is concerned. Patronize each other as far as possible. Encourage new enterprizes, especially manufactories and newspapers. Give a warm greeting to any new settlers. Give aid to everything that shall tend to the public good. Predict failure to no one who happens to commence business in your midst. Help him and the reciprocal effects of mutual aid and recognition will be felt and appreciated by all the community.

If this policy is pursued a village will rapidly grow and become a thrifty and prosperous town. If, on the contrary, the people refuse to aid every enterprise, unless they are going to have a big share of the profits, look upon every arrival as a pigeon to be plucked to prevent his soaring any higher, and patronize their neighbors only when they can not do as well elsewhere, then the place will grow slowly, its natural advantages will go to waste and be a dream of the idler and count as nothing in the question of prosperity.

Newspaper Borrowers.

Every successful newspaper has three classes of readers. First comes the honest, straightforward, prompt-paying subscriber, who is never in arrears, and who seems to realize the fact that it costs something to run a newspaper. This is the class of subscribers that editors love. They are the backbone of the newspaper business. Next to the above comes the "slow coach" subscriber, who, like the cow's tail, is always behind. He will read the paper just as long as he can without paying for it, and when you stop his paper because he won't pay, he considers the debt settled. We have known this class to embrace many professed Christians and not a few preachers—all of which goes to prove that human nature is human nature. The editor don't care much about this class of subscribers, and it is a source of relief to him when one of them comes in and "pays" up and stops "his paper." The last class of readers is the borrower. Too mean and stingy to subscribe for the paper, he sponges on his neighbor, who in many cases, is less able to pay for the paper than the "sponger." These fellows can never find anything in the paper worth reading, which is the general reason they give for not subscribing, but somehow or other there is always news enough to induce them to "sneak" round and "sponge" it from those who do subscribe and pay for it, and it is in the interest of this class of our patrons that this article is written. Let every borrower read it and mend his ways.—*Orangeburg Times and Democrat.*

The Pennsylvania Excursionists.

The gentlemen who came to Raleigh three weeks ago from Pennsylvania to see how North Carolina looked, were certainly pleasantly impressed with the people, our lands and our climate. Capt. John T. Patrick was in the city yesterday afternoon. Talking with a reporter he said that of the 36 Pennsylvanians who came here no less than 25, he had been informed by a member of the party, had purchased lands. All were pleased; there was not an exception. They looked at the State pretty well while in it. He was impressed by the fact that all of them were substantial men, who meant business in coming here. In November the next party will arrive. In this there will be over 100. It will go over the State as did the first party. Capt. Patrick says he has sent a man to Mechanicsburg, Penn., where there is a big fair in progress, with specimens of our field crops. This was done by request. Several of the Pennsylvanians who were through this State have volunteered to attend the fair and make speeches giving facts about North Carolina, the advantages of coming here, etc. There is no doubt that the excursion was a success in all respects. Some one remarked yesterday, upon our speaking of the exhibit at Mechanicsburg, that it would be a good thing if our exhibit at Boston could be moved about so that the people of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, etc., could see it. Every one of these exhibits is pushing the State forward, and it may truly be said that no Southern State to-day occupies a more advanced position in the eyes of Northern people than North Carolina.—*News-Observer.*

Peter Cooper's Illustration of Usury.

Mr. Cooper was always a careful and prudent business man. He was always opposed to the methods of many merchants, who launched out in extravagant enterprises on borrowed money, for which they paid exhorbitant rates of interest. Once, while talking about a project with an acquaintance, the latter said he would have to borrow the money for six months, paying interest at the rate of three per cent. a month.

"Why do you borrow for so short a time?" Mr. Cooper asked.

"Because the brokers will not negotiate bills for longer."

"Well, if you wish," said Mr. Cooper, "I will discount your note at that rate for three years."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the would-be borrower.

"Certainly I am. I will discount your note for $10,000 for three years at that rate. Will you do it?"

"Of course I will," said the merchant.

"Very well," said Mr Cooper; "just sign this note for $10,000, payable in three years, and give me your cheque for $800, and the transaction is complete."

"But where is the money for me?" asked the astonished merchant.

"You don't get any money," was the reply. "Your interest for thirty-six months, at three per centum per month, amounts to one hundred and eight per centum, or $10,800; therefore, your cheque for $800 just makes us even."

The force of this practical illustration of the folly of paying such an exhorbitant price for the use of money was such that the merchant determined never to borrow at such ruinous rates, and he frequently used to say that nothing could have so fully convinced him as this rather humorous proposal of Mr. Cooper.

Notorious Offender Arrested!

The Chief of Police in Hartford has arrested and effectually brought to a stand-still that old offender, "Cramps." "Cramps" was "known to the police" for a long time; in fact, the Chief had him in his bowels. "Cramps" came unexpectedly and at inconvenient times, with severe gripings and neuralgic pains. PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER proved to be more than old "Cramps" could stand. The notorious villain surrendered, and acknowledged himself beaten.

NEW YORK, August 17.—The mercantile agency of R. Y. Dun & Co., report the business failures for the last week throughout the United States and Canada number 170 as compared with 188 last week. The distribution was as follows: New England States 22, Middle States 21, Western States 57, Southern States 23, Pacific States 12, New York City 6, Canada 29.

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE.

—Zeb Vance, Jr., who was recently severely wounded in an affray at Asheville, is reported out of danger.

—Wilson has not only a female barber, but a blacksmith and postmistress, and living one mile from town is a female shoemaker.

—Large quantities of black walnut lumber are being hauled from Yancey county to Asheville Junction for shipment to northern markets.

After a lingering illness, Mr. Pickett L. Rose died at his home in Statesville on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Rose was a native of Fayetteville.

—Married, August 9th, at 8 P.M., in —— county, Rev. G. F. Round, of the N. C. Conference, to Miss Louisa Painter, the celebrated lady evangelist.—*Lenoir Topic.*

—The magistrates of Wilkes, at their meeting last Monday week, voted upon the question of establishing an Inferior Court in that county and defeated the proposition.—*Landmark.*

—On Monday, Parrish & Blackwell sold to the Blackwell Tobacco Company one million and eighty-one thousand pounds of leaf tobacco. This is the biggest transaction that has ever taken place in Durham in one day.

—Mrs. Nannie McAdoo, of Greensboro, was robbed of a considerable amount of money at the Warm Springs last week. The money was taken from a trunk whilst Mrs. Mc Adoo was at the breakfast table. Some other valuables were also missing.

—The Raleigh *News and Observer* is informed that there are gathered in this State 2000 kinds of medicinal herbs. This is more than are found in all the rest of the country. These herbs are dried and shipped to all parts of the world, even to far-away China, Japan, Russia, Turkey, etc.

—Mr. Moses Eagle was committed to jail for safe keeping, he having lost his reason again. He was confined in the asylum eight or ten years ago, and when he was discharged it was thought by his friends that he had fully and finally recovered. Their hopes have not been realized.—*Salisbury Examiner.*

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Aug. 17.—A passenger train arriving here from Atlanta, this morning at 3 o'clock, ran on a siding and collided with a freight engine. Fireman W. S. Farris, of Atlanta, was killed, no one else was hurt. The engines and a mail car were badly damaged. The accident was caused by an open switch.

—North Carolina, the first State to take official action on the invitation to make an exhibit of industries at the third annual Institute fair, is also the first to get portion of its goods into the fair building. Dr. Charles W. Dabney will arrive in this city in a few days to look after North Carolina interests at the fair. About 30 carloads, in all, of goods are expected from that State.—*Boston Advertiser.*

—Mr. Len Estes, proprietor of the famous Blowing Rock property, has sold out to a Northerner for $7,000. It is the intention of the new purchaser to build a fine hotel at the Rock for the accommodation of summer tourists and will have it open next year.——Prof. A. L. Coble has been appointed Assistant Professor of Latin and Mathematics in the University.——The wires of the new Southern telegraph company reached Charlotte last Wednesday.—*Journal-Observer.*

—Mr. Edward L. Pemberton, one of the best known citizens of Fayetteville died there yesterday, aged about 55. He was for many years a prominent business man of that place, but some years since an attack of paralysis caused his retirement from business.——Western North Carolina is certainly a great section for fruit. In Watauga county is an apple tree fifty years old which has on it about fifty bushels of fine apples; and has nine large branches which give rise to thirty-two branchlets; is seven and a half feet in diameter and covers 289 yards.——We are informed by J. C. Scarborough that in the past week he has seen persons from every county west of the Blue Ridge. The drought which is of unsual severity, prevailed in all, yet owing to the situation has done less damage there than it would have done here. The crops of wheat and oats were splendid and the supply of food is abundant. The amount of sickness is very great just now, he repeats, typhoid fever being the prevalent disorder.—*News-Observer.*

—One of the most extraordinary freaks of lightning ever recorded in this section occurred in the upper end of this county Wednesday afternoon. Rev. Harvey Moon is one of the most successful farmers in the county. His farm is located a mile above Blue Springs, almost opposite Soddy, a few miles above this city. Wednesday afternoon, just before the storm which proved so destructive in this city arose, he was engaged in his stockyard feeding his cattle and hogs. There were twenty-seven hogs in the pen and two cows stood by the trough. The storm arose suddenly, and without any warning a bolt of lightning flashed athwart the sky, followed by a crash of thunder and of rain. Mr. Moon hastily scampered to his house, but before he had proceeded two hundred feet the sky lit up with another vivid and blinding flash, and almost simultaneously came a terrible crash of thunder, which seemed to shake the very mountains. Mr. Moon felt the shock, and was almost knocked down. He hastily turned and an appalling sight met his gaze. A huge tree which stood near the stock pen had been struck and was splintered, and around the stump lay every hog and cow which he had but a moment before left, all struck dead by the terrible bolt. Some of the carcasses were blackened, but the majority had no outward indication of their terrible death.—*Chattanooga Times.*

GENERAL NEWS.

GATHERED FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

—Colorado rejoices over a large coal mine.

—Failures continue in the North and West.

—The Siamese embassy is coming to America.

—There is a water famine in Galveston, Texas.

—Deaths from cholera in Egypt, Saturday, numbered 310.

—The strike of the Telegraphic Brotherhood has stopped.

—Twenty-two Russian students have been sent to Siberia on account of Nihilism.

—The President and party are in excellent health among the Rockies and find plenty of game.

The false prophet of Egypt incited the Bedouin attack on Souakin, in which they were repulsed with considerable loss.

—A terrific explosion of giant powder at Winchester, Ky., caused the death of six persons and injured several others.

—There are 120 newspapers in the United States edited by negroes. They are all devoted to the interest of the Republican party.

—Eleven police justices in New York draw salaries of $8,000 each, or nearly as much as the judges on the Supreme Bench at Washington.

—Attorney-General Brewster has given an opinion to the effect that interest cannot be allowed on State war claims under the act of June 27, 1881.

—No yellow fever in the city of Pensacola as yet. The seaman at the navy yard who had contracted the disease is dead, and 8 cases are reported at the navy yard.

—The total collections from internal revenue during the month of July were $9,278,536, which is $3,600,000 less than the total collections during July in the year 1882.

—Alabama has 2,118 factories, working 8,248 hands, with a capital invested of $5,714,032, paying annually in wages $2,227,968, and yielding annually in products $13,040,644.

—Mississippi has 1,731 factories working 5,941 hands, with a capital invested of $4,501,714, paying annually in wages $1,579,248, and yielding annually in products, $8,151,758.

—South Carolina has 1,584 factories working 8,141 hands, with a capital invested of $5,400,418, paying annually in wages $1,543,715, and yielding annually in products $9,858,081.

—Louisiana has 2,557 factories, working 30,071 hands, with a capital invested of $18,313,974, paying annually in wages $4,593,470, and yielding annually in products $24,161,905.

—The German government has notified the Austrian government that all pig flesh imported into Germany from Austria must be accompanied by a certificate that it is not American meat.

—England asks explanations of Russia for the expulsion of a British citizen *Jew.* What a contrast to this country, which takes but little notice of outrages on American citizens of foreign birth, as was the case in the recent outrages in Mexico.

—Among the immigrants on the steam ship Westphalia, which arrived at New York, recently, was Carl Theiller, a German shoemaker, whose avordupois was over 400 lbs. He claims that he is one of the largest passengers that ever crossed the ocean on a single ticket.

—Mrs. Jackson has sent the war-horse ridden by her husband, Gen. Stonewall Jackson, to the Virginia Military Institute, there to be cared for. The horse is the same animal upon which Jackson was riding when he received his death-wound at Chancellorsville.

—An earnest effort is being made in Georgia to raise funds by subscription for the purchase of Liberty Hall, Alexander H. Stephens' late residence, the intention being to erect there a monument and to keep the property as nearly as possible in the condition in which Mr. Stephens left it.

—The national party of New Jersey, at their convention at Asbury Park, adopted a platform favoring governmental control of railroads and telegraph lines, demanding that all money issued should be a legal tender, and favoring a postal telegraph service and equal taxation. A section in favor of female suffrage was adopted after a warm discussion, but one asking for prohibition laws was voted down.

—In the U. S. Court at Boston a decision was rendered that Ah Shong, a Chinaman recently brought to this country by the Captain of a British vessel, was not a subject of the Chinese Government, and therefore entitled to a residence in the United States. A Chinaman of seven years residence in this country was naturalized in New York recently. He was dressed in American fashion, wearing a plug hat and sporting a thin cane with gold head.

—Our trade in Southern fruits and vegetables, says a recent Cincinnati dispatch, is increasing wonderfully fast. "Freight trains are bringing in Southern products in large quantities. Yet a ready market is found for all that come. More than 1,500,000 Georgia watermelons were brought here in July, and during the same month the Lousivile and Nashville Railway brought in 100,000 barrels of potatoes from Tennessee and Alabama. All the early fruits and vegetables have been shipped here in proportionately large quantities."

Cholera!

CHOLERA MORBUS
CHOLERA INFANTUM
ASIATIC CHOLERA
ALL CHOLERA DISEASES
YIELD TO THE INFLUENCE OF

Perry Davis's Pain Killer

The GREAT REMEDY for every kind of BOWEL DISORDER.

Captain Ira B. Foss, of Goldsborough, Maine, says: "One of my sailors was attacked severely with cholera morbus. We administered Pain Killer, and saved him."

J. W. Simonds, Brattleboro, Vt., says: "In cases of cholera morbus and sudden attacks of summer complaints, I have never found it to fail."

ALL THE DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Henry Shoaf, deceased, persons indebted to said deceased are hereby requested to make payment to me at once, and thereby save costs; and all those having claims against the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to present them duly proven as the law directs, within twelve months from the 21st day of July, 1883, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

W. B. STAFFORD,
Adm'r of Henry Shoaf, dec'd.
July 21, 1883.

THOSE WISHING
Tomb Stones
will please bring in their orders at once. I have a new brick shop and am prepared to fill orders promptly.

I. W. DURHAM,
Winston, N. C.

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Flattering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "**scavengers of the system,**" producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 41 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

BETHANY ACADEMY,

BETHANY P. O., N. C.

THE FALL SESSION of this School will begin **August 6th,** and continue twenty-weeks. All English Branches, with Latin, French, Mathematics, &c., will be taught.

Board $6 to $8 per month.
Tuition $1 to $3 per month.
For further information address the Principal,
E. E. RAPER,
Bethany, N. C.

BINGHAM SCHOOL,

(Established in 1793,)

Is **PRE-EMINENT** among Southern Boarding Schools for Boys, in **Age,** in **Numbers,** in **Area** of **Patronage** and in equipment for **Physical Culture.**

The 179th Session will begin Aug. 1st, 1883.

Maj. R. BINGHAM, Sup't.

Bingham School P. O., Orange Co., N. C.

University of North Carolina

NEXT SESSION BEGINS AUGUST 30th, 1883. Regular Courses of Study lead to A. B., Phi. B., and B. S. Special Courses are open to Students. Schools of Law, Medicine and Pharmacy attached. A Teacher's Course of two years has been established. For particulars, address

KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D., Pres.
Aug. 3, 1883,-31. Chapel Hill, N. C.

LIVER

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.

Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA

CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1883.

HINSHAW & BYNUM,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS,

Fourth Street, WINSTON, N. C.

IN making this announcement we are pleased to say that our business has grown far beyond our most sanguine expectations and in purchasing our regular

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK,

which we are now opening, we have endeavored to buy such goods as will meet

THE WANTS OF OUR CUSTOMERS,

We long ago recognized the fact that business does not go by favor but that people will trade where they can get the

MOST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

We are in position to give our customers as many or more goods for the same money than any house in the State. Why:

1st. We have had seventeen years' experience in the mercantile business and know what to buy to best advantage and when to buy.

2nd. We have sufficient capital to enable us to do our business to best advantage.

3rd. We have the most commodious, best arranged store house and most convenient facilities for doing business of any house here.

4th. We know the best is the cheapest, and employ the best Salesmen that can be had.

5th. We do business at a less per cent. of cost on actual sales each succeeding year.

We ask your consideration of the above facts and examination of our Stock which is partly composed of

150 Bags of Coffee.
40 Barrels of Sugar.
65 Barrels Syrup and Molasses.
25 Boxes of Meat.
5 Tierces of Lard.
10 Barrels of Coal Oil.
3 Barrels Lindseed Oil
2000 lbs. Lewis' White Lead.
300 Sacks of Salt.
10 Rolls Sole Leather.
125 Kegs of Nails.
25 " Horse and Mule Shoes.
30 Boxes Horse Shoe Nails.
50 doz. Handled Hoes.
50 doz. Shovels, Forks and Spades.
20 dozen Grass and Grain Blades.
5 doz. Grain Cradles.
1500 Bulltongues and Shovels.

Specialties in large quantities at factory prices.

F. H. Fries' Jeans, Cottonades, Sheeting and Bunch Cotton.

35 Bales Bellmont Plaids.

Eagle and Phœnix Jeans, Cottonades, Ticks, Hickory Shirting, Gingham, Sewing Cotton, &c.

T. Miles' Sons Ladies, Misses and Gentlemen's Fine Shoes.

Bay State Shoes and Boots.

James A. Leach's Thomasville Shoes.

J. & P. Coats' Spool Cotton.

Home Spool Cotton

"Excelsior" Cook Stoves, the best made.

The ladies will find a complete line of Dress Goods and Trimmings and all the Novelties of the season in our Retail Store and are cordially invited to call and examine our stock and prices before making their purchases. Our stock in this line is unsurpassed and prices not equalled.

We don't buy by sample, all of our goods in this department are selected in New York and other Northern cities by one of the firm. This way we get later styles and make better selections than merchants who depend on buying from "drummers" can possibly get.

15 Cases Prints.
10 Cases of Cottonades and Jeans.
10 Cases and Bales Bleached and fine brown Domestics.
5 Cases Worsted and Dress Goods.
4 Cases Pequet and Lawn.
20 Cases Notion.
150 Cases Boots an Shoes.
35 Cases Hats.
2 Cases Cassimere.
200 Suits of Clothing.
2 Cases Shirts.
2 Cases Umbrellas and Parasols.
3 Cases School Books, Stationary and Blank Books.
10 Cases Clocks.

Full stock of Patent Medicines, Drugs, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Cotton and Jute Rope, Buckets Tubs, Kegs, &c.

25 Cases Tinware, Hollowware, Shot, Lead, &c.

5,000 Bags Star Brand Special Tobacco Manure for the tobacco crop and we will have 10,000 Bags of the Celebrated Star Brand Wheat Manure for the wheat crop this fall. We invite everybody to come and see us.

Yours very truly,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Winston, N. C., May 1st, 1883.

MRS. T. B. DOUTHIT,

SALEM, N. C.

MILLINERY GOODS, NOTIONS, FANCY GOODS,

RIBBONS, VELVETS, FLOWERS AND STRAW GOODS

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND SUPPLIED TO THE TRADE AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

OUR GOODS SURPASS ANYTHING IN THE MARKET.

Salem, N. C., May 17, 1883.-20.

North Carolina R.R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Jan. 3 1883.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily
Leave Charlotte	4 10 a m	4 35 p m
" Salisbury	6 05 a m	6 26 p m
" High Point	7 28 a m	7 50 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 10 a m	8 33 p m
Leave Greensboro	.....	9 10 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	.....	11 28 p m
" Durham	.....	12 18 a m
" Raleigh	.....	1 25 a m
Leave "	.....	1 30 a m
Arrive Goldsboro	.....	3 50 a m

No. 15—Daily, except Saturday. Leave Greensboro 6 30 a m. Arrive at Raleigh 2 45 p. m. Arrive Goldsboro 7 20 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for all points in Western North Carolina.

No. 53—Daily at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, and for all points on the W. & W. R. R.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Jan. 3, 1883.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily.
Leave Goldsboro	10 0 a m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 15 p m	.....
Leave "	4 15 p m	.....
Arrive Durham	5 32 p m	.....
" Hillsboro	6 11 p m	.....
" Greensboro	8 30 p m	.....
Leave "	9 15 p m	9 11 a m
Arrive High Point	9 50 p m	10 50 a m
" Salisbury	11 12 p m	12 15 p m
" Charlotte	0 a m	2 15 p m

No. 16, D'lyex. Sunday—Lv. Golds. 4 40 a. m
Ar. Raleigh 8 36 p. m
Lv. Raleigh 9 10 a. m
Ar. Greensboro 4 45 p. m

No. 50—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A. L., for all points in South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex. Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 25 p m	10 25 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 41 p m	11 35 a m
" Salem	11 10 p m	12 09 p m

GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	53, Daily.
Leave Salem	6 20 a m	6 15 p m
Arrive Kernersville	6 46 a m	6 45 p m
" Greensboro	7 45 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 1 Daily ex Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 10 a m
Arrive University	8 22 a m

GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily. ex. Sun.
Leave Raleigh	5 40 p m
Arrive University	6 42 p m

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS

WITHOUT CHANGE,

On Train No. 50—New York and Atlanta via Washington and Danville.

On Train No. 52, Richmond and Danville and Washington and Augusta, Ga., via. Danville.

Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the South-west, address

M. SLAUGHTER
Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
Richmond, Va.

DR. J. C. ECTOR,

HAVING removed to Liberty Street, in Winston, offers his professional services to the citizens of Winston, Salem and surrounding country. With a practice of twenty-five years he hopes to have a liberal patronage.

OFFICE second house North of First National Bank.

Jan. 2, 1883.

HERRICK'S POEMS,

THE FINEST GIFT BOOKS OF THE SEASON AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.

SPLENDID PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

R. B. KERNER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WINSTON, N. C.

—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Bilious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infallible remedy: never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and all other remedies had failed. They are prepared expressly for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker, sugar-coated; contain no Quinine or Mercury, causing no griping or purging; they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Liver Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the worst case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 15 and 50 cent boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 cents. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street New York

ONE DOLLAR BOOKS.

Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,
" " Washington and other Generals,
Dickens' Child's History of England,
POEMS, from 60 cents to $1.00.

BIRTHDAY BOOKS.

Cooper's Pilot,
Swiss Family Robinson,
Robinson Crusoe,
Arabian Knights,
Captain Kid,
1,000 Miles Walk,
Louis Philippe,
Heart of Steel, (Fisher),
Michælmas Daisy,
Peter the Whaler,
Scottish Chiefs,
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare,
Sam Slick, Plants of the Bible,
Vicar of Wakefield, Apple Blossoms,
Lalla Rookh, Talking Leaves,
Paradise Lost, Euphrates and Tigris,
Picciola, John Eax,
Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures, Charlotte and Lucy Temple,

and a large lot of valuable books at prices far below cost.

Don't neglect this opportunity of buying books at AUCTION PRICES.

Books sent by mail, postage will be added. Sent postage free at regular retail prices.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Salem, N. C., April 12, 1883.

CENTS. MUSIC CENTS.

Just received at the

SALEM BOOKSTORE,

a choice lot of

SHEET MUSIC

at the low price of

5 Cents a Copy.

The following is a partial list:

Kathleen Mavourneen.
Cradle Song, - - - *Mendelssohn.*
I Love my Love, - - - *Pinsuti.*
Then You'll Remember Me, *Balfe.*
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, - - - *Knight.*
Tapping at the Garden Gate.
Robin Adair.
Watchman tell us of the Night, *Gounod.*
Nearer my God to Thee, *Parker.*
Old Oaken Bucket.
Il Trovatore.
Maiden's Prayer, and others.

ETHIOPIAN SONGS.

Put on the Golden Crown.
Old Nicker Demus.
Baby Joe, and others.

This music is full size and in clear and neat impressions, fully as good as the higher priced sheets.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

STAFFORD MILL.

Having repaired the Stafford Mills and secured the services of one of the best Millers in the country, I am now prepared to do as

GOOD WORK

as this mill ever did, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the surrounding country.

W. B. STAFFORD.
Forsyth Co., Jan. 29th 1883.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, boys and girls make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

T. R. PURNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

PICTURES! PICTURES!!

CHROMOS, framed, at the SALEM BOOK STORE.

FOR SALE Double Buggy and Harness. Enquire at SALEM BOOK STORE.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

New Advertisements.

See notice of sale of desirable real estate, household and kitchen furniture, carpenter's and blacksmith's tools, steam engine, buggy and harness, &c.

—Albert Brietz is repairing the Levin Brietz homestead.

—The Eighthieth Annual Session of Salem Academy will begin September 6th, 1883.

—A much needed culvert is being constructed on Cherry street, near the residence of Charles B. Pfohl.

—Rev. J. T. Zorn and party, after spending a short time at Glen Alpine Springs, have returned home.

—The weather has been unusually warm here for the season. We hope for showers to cool off the atmosphere.

—People will eat, and in order to more fully accommodate the public, L. M. Porter proposes to handle groceries.

—Misses Minnie Vogler, Carrie Crist, Connie Pfohl and Mr. C. W. Vogler, are home again from a several weeks' visit to Madison.

—The *Republican* says: Governor Jarvis has been invited and accepted to open our Wheat and Cattle Fair on the 30th and 31st insts.

—Peaches are in town daily, and prices range from 75 cents to $1 per bushel. Extra fine $1.20. But they must be fine.

—Rufus Shultz, of this place, has received an appointment as Railway Postal Clerk between Washington, D. C., and Charlotte, N. C.

—Walter Weavill, of this county, has a pig 6 weeks and 2 days old, weighing 43 pounds. It is a cross of Poland China and Berkshire.

—J. W. Fries and family are home again from Palmyra and Blowing Rock. We are pleased to state that Mr. Fries' health is much improved.

—Dr. Rondthaler's sciopticon exhibition was enjoyed by a large company, in the Moravian chapel, on Thursday evening of last week.

—Dried fruit is certainly booming. We are afraid to give weights and figures, but it takes the best dray horses in town to keep C. R. Walfare's warehouse empty.

—The yearly meeting of the Friends, or Quakers, was held at High Point on Sunday last, and was attended by numbers of our citizens. It was a very full meeting.

The Fruit Man Again at the Front —We notice the jam of wagons at C. R. Welfare's this season, as we did last Summer. He pays as high for fruit as any one and sells goods as low. 3t.

—The Messrs. Linebacks have secured some good specimens of fruit from this section for the Fruit Fair, at Wilmington. N. W. Craft will exhibit Grapes, Pears and other fruits. We hope this section will be well represented.

—Mr. Cooper, of the Salem mill, now runs his corn stones by steam, using his water power exclusively in making the well known and excellent flour bearing the time honored brand of "Salem Mill."

—Mr. Marsden Bellamy is at Salem Hotel, with his family for several days. Mrs. Bryan Grimes and family, of Washington, N. C., are at Salem Hotel. Mr. Bryan and lady, of Raleigh, brother of Mrs. Grimes, is with them. Dr. Martin and lady, of Raleigh, are also here for a month or more.

—Harrison Crouse's horse was scared into a run a few days since in Winston, by a thoughtless boy rolling a gaily decorated hoop alongside of the nag. The wagon was tilted and Mr. Crouse's little boy was thrown out and bruised. The accident might have been worse, and the boys should be careful how they trundle their hoops.

DRIED FRUIT.—Giersh & Senseman pay the highest price for fruit, and call the attention of the public to their fine stock of goods which they sell at low figures. Call and see them.

—We learn that Messrs. F. & H. Fries have recently added great improvements in the coloring department of their woolen mills, and woolen yarns can now be procured of all colors, beautifully and artistically dyed. Since this improvement has been introduced the demand for yarns has almost increased two-fold and an employee informs us that it takes them to their utmost capacity to keep apace with orders.

—The Children's Festival, or Choir Day, was celebrated on Sunday last. In the evening the service was closed with an out-door service, being a renewal of a time honored practice among the Moravians. Chinese lanterns were hung in front of the steps. A short address was given, and the beautiful scene closed with an appropriate evening hymn, joined in by the whole congregation. The bright smiles of the little ones indicated the pleasant surprise given.

GERMAN CARP.—John H. Shultz had occasion to draw of his pond near Clemmonsville on account of a leak which he had to repair and informs us that he found some 40 or 50 of the German carp, 4 of which were caught and weighed, and the 4 weighed 8 lbs., 2 lbs. which shows they are a quick growth fish. When put in the pond last February they were from 1 to 2 inches long. Now they are from 10 to 14 inches in length. Mr. Shultz has cared for the fish under the direction of our State commissioner, S. G. Worth, and succeeded well—the best of any person we know of in this county. His dam is now all O. K., and he has one of the best colored men to feed them daily.

—Salem Boy's Schools opened on Monday last, Rev. L. B. Wurreschke, Principal and J. F. McCuiston and Miss Jesse Winkler teachers. The school is one of the best in this section. Prospects flattering.

Miss Welfare's School, for boys and girls, also opened on Monday, Miss Jane Welfare and Miss Mary Ann Fogle, teachers. This school is popular, and this session opens with prospects of a full attendance.

—Rev. Th. Richard, of Berthelsdorf, Saxony, is here on an official visit to the Moravian congregations in America. He addressed the children on Sunday, and will address the Salem congregation in the German language on Sunday morning next, Dr. Rondthaler translating it into English. Rev. Mr. Richard will remain here several weeks.

—The Waughtown wagon shops are wide awake. Never since the war have the yards and sheds been as bare of wagons. They are sold as fast as finished, and in order to facilitate business, Messrs. George E. Nissen & Co. have added 12 more forges to their already extensive smith shop. W. E. Spach has contracted for brick for the enlargement of his wagon shops. Glad to see work booming. We believe more tobacco and brandy will be hauled South by wagons than usual.

—Misses Anna Crist and Jesse Winkler preside at the organ of the Moravian church, on alternate Sundays. Prof. D'Anna gave them lessons last Winter and Spring, and through their untiring industry and energetic push, have succeeded in giving entire satisfaction to the congregation. Willie Peterson is also practicing, and is rapidly advancing in his work. His younger brother, Samuel, has also musical talents,;—both are industrious, and using their leisure hours for their music lessons. Often in our beautiful Summer evenings, during the week, the tones of the grand old organ, three quarters of century old, are heard in the twilight, and the tired pedestrian stops to catch the air of some familiar hymn, and he goes home with a quit satisfaction that our church music is in good hands and will continue to improve from year to year. So mote it be.

It is commendable to our boys and young men, that all are engaged in some occupation, and after a hard day's work, you can hear violin, flute, cornet, piano, organ, &c.

—Prof. H. W. Ravenel found specimens of the rock, with lichens similar to the rare one found by Rev. Louis DeSchweinitz, in this vicinity, and found nowhere else. The specimens found will be carefully examined by Professor Tuckerman, of Amherst.

The little piece of rock found by Mr. DeSchweinitz has quite a history, according to a letter from Prof. Ravenel, kindly shown us by a friend. The specimen was given to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, together with Mr. DeS's whole collection. From there it came for examination into the hands of Prof. Tuckerman, who is the best authority on lichens and mosses. By him it was classified and named. In the examination the lichen was used up, and hence the visit of Prof. Ravenel here. This bit of rock was also in Europe, and now, after 40 years, it has been brought back here for comparison, and we hope will lead to the discovery of this rare lichen, so interesting to those who make a study of these strange rock growths.

Stokes County.

The Pepper Mining Company, of Danbury, is working about 20 hands, developing the different kinds of minerals in the county, principally mica. There is another company at work near Sandy Ridge, and two others not far from the Brown mountain, and so far as we know mica has only been found at three places yet that will pay for working.

The residence of Mr. John Leak, on the Winston road about seven or eight miles from Danbury, was consumed by fire on last night together with all of his furniture, &c.—*Reporter.*

Davidson County.

From the Lexington Dispatch.

Yadkin College opened last week with thirty students in attendance. Rev. R. H. Wills has charge of the Institution.

Mr. Richmond Newsom, who went from Jackson Hill to Texas, before the war, died at Gonzales, in that State, about two weeks ago.

Messrs. Watson & Cecil have begun to make brick for a cotton factory at Milledgeville, on the Yadkin river, in Montgomery county.

The sheriff took David Scarlet, of Conrad Hill Township, to the Morganton insane asylum last week. There are nine insane persons from this county in the asylum, and no more will be received, as the institution is about full.

Mr. W. F. Rice, formerly of this county, and now a prosperous citizen of Florida, called to see us yesterday.

Knights of Honor.

At the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge, K. of H., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Grand Dictator—Dr R F Lewis, Lumberton, N C.

G V D—J T Legrand, Rockingham, N C.

G A D—E M Nadal, Wilson, N C.

G Chaplain—L A Bikle, China Grove, N C.

G Reporter—P C Carlton, Statesville, N C.

G Treasurer—S C Scofield, Davidson College, N C.

G. Guide—N Jacobi, Wilmington, N C.

G Guard—C A Sherwood, Raleigh, N C.

G Sentinel—T B Douthit, Winston, N C.

Supreme Representatives—J D Taylor, Wilmington, N C; T F Klutz, Salisbury, N C.

The next session of the Grand Lodge will meet in Winston.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

KERNERSVILLE LETTER.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the last several issues of the *Press* I have found myself in excellent company, bringing up the rear, I suppose on the principle of the "good wine" coming in last: Dr. Rondthaler at Monteagle, Professor Wurreschke at the Natural Bridge and Miss E. L. in Washington City, and there is still more in prospect.

The dog days are over and no rain yet, and some of the farmers seem discouraged and talk about selling out and moving off to some better country; but the drouth, like death, comes every where, and there is no escaping from it. The other day I passed by a field of corn belonging to Mr. Vestal Perry; it is a high, dry ridge field, and the corn on it is just as green and flourishing as if there was no such a thing as drouth around. I wanted to know why it was, and found upon inquiry that last winter he broke it up deep with a two-horse plough and right behind the first plough went another man with two horses and a sub-soiler, and this is the result, which shows for itself.

Last year everybody was in extacy about the so called "mixture" crop; this year it is almost a failure; the reason is obvious, nearly everybody sowed mixture last fall instead of making a new preparation, for wherever that was the case the crop is just as good as last year.

Rev. Harper Shields, who removed to Indiana from Kernersville with his parents before he was grown, has come back with the intention of remaining here. He went to school as a boy to Mr. J. S. Harmon; his wife was Malinda Folger, said to have been the belle of Kernersville in her young days, and is very good looking yet.

On last Saturday Mrs. Moses Stuart and her two children arrived here from Indiana, on a visit to her old mother, Mrs. Rebecca Matthews, living about two miles from town; also Mr. Thomas Stuart and his wife; they went on to Salem and from there to his brother's, Mr. John L. Stuart, in the Friedland neighborhood. They are children of Mr. Amos Stuart; he removed from this country, to Indiana ten years ago. Since then his wife has died; his children are all married and gone except one daughter who takes care of him, and he is in a manner blind. It is said, to him the change was a losing business, and the Friedland congregation lost a number of good members.

The other day, through a friend, I received an invitation to attend the Vienna Township Sunday School Association to meet at Doub's Chapel on the 2nd Sunday in Sept. I would like to go, for more reasons than one. Near there, on "Old Bahavia," in my boyhood days, lived a good lady, who could make the best peach pies I ever ate, and every year in peach time I would make a pilgrimage from Salem up there, and her first greeting would be "*I know what you come for.*"

Here I saw the first Methodist camp-meeting, *fifty-five years ago* this Fall, and here, on the "Old Doub,' grave yard, rest the remains of my maternal grandfather, Richard Phillips; and, in this neighborhood my mother was born. "Uncle Samuel Strupe," of Bethania, years ago, piloted me to the spot where the house once stood, but now nothing remains but the debris of the chimney; and more than that, I have a number of kind friends living all around the Chapel that I would like to see, and if I am not there *they must take the will for the deed.* Thanks for the invitation.

From the last *Moravian*, I see that Rev. T. W. Shields and his wife have landed safely and entered upon their field of Missionary labor. Their address is Montgomery, Tobago, West Indies.

Mrs. J. P. Jones is still at the Piedmont Springs, and we are glad to learn that her health is improving.

Mrs. Greenfield and her children are gone to Lexington.

Kerner, Greenfield & Co. are getting ready to begin to lay brick on their new tobacco factory.

Preaching at Friedland last Sunday. Good turn out.

Our friend, Mr. E. J. Hine has the Western fever, dry weather is the cause of it. Better stay where you are, friend; you cannot *better* yourself and might be *badly worsted*, such things have happened.

Last Friday evening Mrs. Rights gave her scholars a treat on water melons. If noise is an indication of happiness, they certainly were happy.

Dr. Cornelius Kerner showed me a peach, gathered from a tree in his yard, that weighed 9½ ounces.

Mr. Joseph E. Kerner had to take out his German Carp and put them elsewhere as his pond was about to dry up. Some of them were 15 inches long.

In the *Press* of week before last I am made to say that Benjamin Holland married Miss Banner when it was meant for Miss Bruner. There were any number of them in this county 50 years ago, and now if I were compelled to have a *Bruner* forthcoming next Court in Winston my only chance would be to go to Salisbury and lay violent hands upon my old friend. J. J., editor of the *Watchman*, in order to meet the demand.

Old Mr. John Kerner is somewhat on the mend, so is Mrs. Dr. E. Kerner.

Mr. Washington Johnston living on the road between Kernersville and Friedland, has been a great sufferer for several weeks from something like rheumatism, and he is not getting any better He once walked from Wytheville, Va., to his home seven miles below Salem, from 5 o'clock in the morning till 12 o'clock that night, 97 miles. He could not do it now. C. L. R.

Kernersville, N. C., Aug 20, 1883.

Washington and New York.

We now come to the second part of our journey. We left Washington, giving Philadelphia the go-by, and reached New York in the early morning hours. Uppertendom is popularly supposed to be at the great watering places, but there are still quite enough here for comfort. There is something invigorating in the intense activity and bustle of New York; there is a fascination in watching the eager crowds of restless people, of every nationality, and in the crush of vehicles of all sorts, even in this, the dull season of the year.

The afternoon of our first day we spent in Central Park, where it seemed as if all well-dressed New York were out on a holiday, especially around the Music Pavilion, where a fine band discoursed music to the crowds, closing with the familiar notes of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Central Park may well be the pride of New York, embracing as it does 843 acres; with its beautiful lakes, ponds, fairy grottoes, bridges, towers, reservoirs; its tunnels, its terraces, its Museum, its live animals, its noble Art Gallery, and the old Obelisk, which 3000 years ago looked down upon a very different throng from that which now surges past. Moses may have gazed upon its hieroglyphics as he sadly pondered the great problem of freeing his enslaved people; or Joseph even may have lifted his handsome face to read its sculptured records, when the world was young; and now, modern New York, with its high pressure civilization, passes by with perhaps some faint stirrings of reverence for something so old, looking down upon bran new to-day. You can take any of the Park carriages and be driven all round to the varied points of interest; stopping off whenever you choose. Fine statues gleam through the leaves in every direction,—here, a crouching panther, there, a colossal bronze of Humboldt, or a statue of Shakespere, Scott, Burns, Fitz Greene Halleck and many others. Bethesda fountain is the central ornament of the Park, at the foot of the Terrace; the figure of an angel, 8 feet high, stands in the act of blessing the waters, while smaller figures are covered by the gushing waters. Ten acres are set apart as a play-ground for boys; the Lake proper covers about 20 acres, boating parties are on it continually, while the fine black and white swans give a different phase. The collection of animals is not equal to the Philadelphia Zoo. You see 6 or 8 ugly camels standing together meditating; an elephant or so winks his small eyes at you, while several giraffes look down from their heights upon your hat; you enter the lion and tiger houses, and see their great yellow eyes shine through the bars, and turn, with a shudder of disgust, from the cold, cruel, sleepy anacondas to the comical monkeys, and so on through the whole list. You glance at the treasures of the Museum, and then pass on to the beauties of the Metropolitan Art Gallery, noble statues, fine paintings of the old Flemish, Dutch and Spanish masters. It has only been open since 1880, and is more especially distinguished for the great Cypriote collection of some 10,000 pieces, brought by General di Cesnola from the ruins of Cyprus. The familiar Bryant vase is also here. One might spend weeks studying these rare treasures and not exhaust them. Truly it is a liberal education only to live in a great city with such countless sources of information on all sides. The Obelisk stands a short distance from the Art Gallery.

On Sunday Trinity Church claimed our attention. The sermon was good, and the music by a choir of some 50 men and boys was very fine. The great Reredos of Wm. B. Astor has been added since we saw it before, and gives a peculiar beauty to the chancel. We walked in the gray old church-yard, stood by the grave of Charlotte Temple and others, as the noise of the elevated railway cars somewhat disturbed the Sabbath stillness.

The Jewish Temple, Emanuel, was closed, so we could only admire the Saracenic turrets and Moorish adornments of the outside.

Next we went to St. Patrick's Cathedral, the finest church in America. It is built on the geometric, decorated style of the cathedrals of Rheims and Cologne. It has 70 rich and beautiful windows, 37 of which are memorial windows and cost over $100,000, and it is already rich in fine paintings. It has four magnificent altars.

On Monday we went to Coney Island and then to Long Branch, the great New York seaside resorts. We take the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railway, and get an excursion ticket to Coney Island and return for 60 cents, railroad fare included. At the Battery we take a steamer, and soon pass out of inner New York Bay, leaving Castle Garden, shaped like an immense cheese-box, on our left, we see a great ocean steamer come in, laden with emigrants, swarthy, bare-headed women, bearing loads on their backs that would break down an American porter, while the men were smoking or taking things easy.

The Bay of New York is said to be more picturesque than any other in the world, save the Bay of Naples. The Narrows is the name of the strait by which you pass from the inner to the outer bay, and is formed by the approach of the shores of Long Island and of Staten Island within a mile of each other. The Narrows form a sort of gateway to the ocean, while on either side, like sentinels to guard the pass, are Fort Wadsworth on the left, on the Staten Island shore, and Fort Hamilton on the right, on Long Island. The panorama is beautiful; the many boats and vessels of every kind, in the distance the spires and glittering points of New York city, on one side the villas of Long Island, on another Jersey City and Hoboken, on the other side of the Hudson from New York,—the bright waters of the bay, the refreshing sea-breeze that puts new life into the languid limbs, the clear, blue American sky, all form a picture of surpassing beauty and interest. A number of small islands lie, like emeralds in a silver setting,—Governor's Island, with its fortifications, one thousand yards from the Battery, Bedloe's Island, on which Bartholdi's great statue of Liberty is soon to be placed, and others besides.

Coney Island is an hour's sail from New York, though the distance is only 8 miles as the crow flies. The island is divided into four parts, known as West End, West Brighton, Brighton Beach and Manhattan Beach. The great pier where we landed, is built of tubular iron piles, and runs 1000 feet out into the sea. There are three fine hotels, while smaller hotels and restaurants are plenty as blackberries. 150,000 persons can be accommodated; steamboats run up from New York every hour. The beach is covered with light and airy pavilions and buildings of all sizes, and the sands are black with people. It must be dreary here on rainy days, for all seem to live out of doors, and seem to live only for mirth, fun and jollity; the dolce far niente look of everything impresses the casual observer. Horse-racing is an every-day amusement, then the milder pastimes of bathing, either in houses or in the surf, driving, fishing, flirting, &c. Bunting is very plentiful, and gay colors are streaming everywhere; bands are playing, merry-go-rounds, with animals of every species for children to ride, are in operation, music is heard from the hand organ up to the latest prima donna, who was, just on our arrival, singing in the theatre up stairs. The grounds are laid out in grass and flowers, but how they manage to grow in the salt air I cannot see. Little children were busy with little spades and tin pails, while those a little larger lived almost entirely in the water.

Long Branch is a much more aristocratic and exclusive place than Coney Island. It lies about 30 miles from New York, on the Jersey coast. The sensation of being really upon the ocean, out of sight of land, was pleasing from its novelty, but one can well imagine that nothing but sea and sky would soon become monotonous; but the sail was exceedingly pleasant. Hundreds of dwellings called "cottages," but really mansions, furnished with almost princely magnificence, and surrounded by handsome grounds, meet the eye. The pier in front of the Ocean Hotel, the pavilion adjoining the pier, everything is on a more extended and handsome scale than at Coney Island. Elberon Cottage, where President Garfield died, lies over a mile south of the Long Branch pier. Back of the watering place lies the old village or town of Long Branch, but our limited time prevented any further acquaintance.

Back in New York we visited many places of interest, more than we can well tell here. We saw *the Tombs*, that gloomy New York prison that certainly looks dismal enough to deserve the name. If it were not built in such a low place its peculiar Egyptian architecture would make it a very striking object. The Astor Library, with its numerous busts of classical worthies down stairs, and its large collection of books, rare old vellum, richly illuminated manuscripts, earliest editions of Shakespere, with many curious old volumes, is a place where one would like to spend days instead of hours. Tiffany's magnificent establishment is more of an art gallery, with its rare bric-a-brac, valuable bronzes, suits of elegantly-wrought armor, splendid diamonds and other stones, than a place for buying and selling. The treasures of Majolica, Sevres, China, Japanese and every other sort of ware, are rich and lovely beyond description.

The great wonder of the age, the Brooklyn or East River Bridge, we reserved for the close of our stay, as we were well assured it would wait our convenience. We walked over it one cool, pleasant morning, gradually ascending from the New York entrance to the place where the late great accident or tragedy took place, passing over house-tops, higher and still higher, until we reached the great span of 1600 feet over the water, and looked down on vessels passing under us. The large cables are as thick as a man's body, while the smaller ones that form a perfect net work are as thick as a man's wrist. Taking it all in all it is a most stupendous work. It was a pretty good walk of something over a mile across the whole bridge.

We next visited Greenwood, that beautiful city of the dead. It includes 450 acres and about 17 miles of roadway, and has 8 lakes. The grand northern entrance is very handsome, a stately Gothic pile of sandstone, 132 feet high; above the arches are four large groups of statuary, the Burial of Christ, His Resurrection, the raising of Lazarus, and the raising of the widow's son. As in Central Park, you can drive all around for a trifling sum, past an infinite number of fine monuments. We pass a large bronze statue of De Witt Clinton, projector of the Erie Canal, called then "Clinton's Ditch." There is the tomb of Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine; the monument of Professor Morse, of Boss Tweed, of Horace Greeley, William Lloyd Garrison's marble mausoleum, a fine open peristyle of Chas. Scribner's, the Schermerhorn mausoleum, James Gordon Bennett's, the Pilot's monument, the Firemen's monument, Peter Cooper's plain, unadorned lot. Perhaps the finest monument was that of Miss Charlotte Canda, a young lady who was accidentally killed on her 17th birthday. Her father spent $30,000 upon the monument, which contains a fine statue of the lady, in a sort of ornamental, open temple. Capt. Correjor's monument is also noteworthy; an exact marble figure of the old man in hat and coat, stands on it, holding his sextant, the one he used in his many voyages. There are also five plain short marble columns on the graves of five sisters, old maids, the youngest being 100 years and 4 months old, and the eldest 117 years and 2 months. But time and space fail to describe any more. Weeks might be spent pleasantly and profitably in and around New York. The frequent rains and cool breezes were very pleasant, and it was a great change to return to the heat and dust of our own section.

E. L.

Natural Bridge and Luray Cave, Va.

An early dinner at Natural Bridge Hotel was served to those who wanted to start by the noon-stage, then a fast ride in a crowded stage coach to the Shenandoah Valley Railroad depot, return ticket to Luray, about 85 miles, including two stage rides at Luray and admission to the Cave for $6.85, a single ticket for my little son under 12 years old half that charge. Then a long waiting on a highly elevated platform, until at last the train came puffing up from the South crossing the James River & Alleghany Railroad, at right angles, about 30 feet above either. The railroad on which we now traveled is a spic span new one. The road is new and every car is so new that you fancy you can smell the new varnish and paint. Everything is well appointed, however, and our journey goes on at a swinging rate, through a very garden of a country. The direction of this S V R R is from S. W. to N. E. It joins south of us, at Roanoke, the Norfolk & Western line which thence goes to Knoxville, Chattanooga, and to various main points of the South, whilst north of us it goes by Waynesboro to Luray, thence to Hagerstown, Harrisburg, and from there Eastward to Philadelphia. It is evident to my mind, that what we may call the commercial main axis of the whole country East of the Mississippi, runs from N. E. to S. W.,—though the meterological axis of all North America runs undeniably from N. N. W. to S. S. E. Certain it is that the R. R. line mentioned is in a very thriving condition and doing an immense amount of business, although so new and so little known as yet. Should this line be destined to become the main axis between the North and the South, running as it does between the two great parallel mountain chains which form the backbone of the Atlantic Slope? As for myself, I still hope that this main axis will yet be found to lie along the Eastern foot of those mountains, in fact along that same proposed new Railroad, the incompleted works of which we see to the North and South of us here, which, if completed, would cause our towns to lie along the commercial main axis between North and South, though it would leave out Richmond to the East, and Charlotte, too, eventually no doubt.

One of the stations which we passed is called Weyer's Cave. We remember that Geography books say that Weyer's Cave is near Staunton, meaning, no doubt, that it can best be reached from Staunton. This is evidently not any more true, for Staunton lies on a different line, and Weyer's Cave can be reached from the station called by its name. For the first 20 or 30 miles our road went along the North River, a tributary of the James, flowing southward. Then presently, we find ourselves alongside another clear river, this one flowing in the opposite way, viz: to the North. This is the South Fork of the Shenandoah River, which now remained, with few interruptions, our companion till we reached the town of Luray,—after passing on the latter part of the journey a great deal of long and high tressel work. The town of Luray remains to our left, whilst we turn towards the right, walking on a fine boarded walk to the top of a very clean and airy looking hill where we had from a distance already beheld a large, remarkably old looking, highly picturesque building, with a large tower, and with many gables, cornices and verandahs. This very picturesque, old-fashioned building, in regular old English Queen Anne's style, on reaching it turned out to be a thoroughly new, tip-top hotel, with all possible improvements and comforts in highest perfection, and built by that same Philadelphia Company who own the Cave and the surrounding land, and have, I believe, a controlling interest in the whole Shenandoah Valley Railroad. The long evening from 5 o'clock was pleasantly spent. There was, of course, supper, further a walk up to the fine prospect tower near the hotel, which tower also contains the Reservoir into which the water supply of the hotel is pumped by a steam engine lower down the hill; then a pleasant walk on the railroad, a long conversation with the conductor of a fine Pullman parlor car, that was lying over here for the night, and which we inspected with interest, and lastly a walk through the pleasant little town of Luray.

On the next morning we started in a new stage coach, at 7½ A. M., for the famous Cave. We had speculated the day before, in viewing the country as to whereabout the Cave would be, but could in the form of the country find no indications that would lead us to a good guess. Now we found that we had to travel for it in a S. W. direction, a distance of over a mile. After all, it is never with a feeling of enthusiasm that I can go for any underground sight such as a cave, albeit the most beautiful and interesting one known in this world, as the Luray Cave is, I believe, justly considered to be. For in my nature the love of light and open air and of a free prospect has always been so strong that I have ever approached any subterranean sight with almost something like dread. The great American Continent, the New World, is altogether eminently a world of much light and open air; the genius of the people of this Hemisphere is in this direction, hence in spite of many undeniable advantages, the plan of underground railroads, like in London, would never do for the American metropolis, which adopted elevated roads, up in the open air, instead of the dark underground tunnels, however well finished. These latter will do for a land of fogs and monarchies, but not for the great Republic, which is a land of sunshine. Hail Columbia!

We now enter a building erected over the entrance of the Cave, and descending several flights of stairs, armed with a tin reflector containing three lighted candles, we soon find ourselves in the veritable domain of Pluto, the god of the nether world. At first all seems dismal, cold and damp, but presently you get accustomed to this state of things and your eye has learned to distinguish objects well:—when, what is this wonderful decoration round about you, on the ceilings, on the walls, on the floor, everywhere? Thousands and thousands of what looks like gigantic icicles, but formed either of purest white alabaster, or of the same substance tinged reddish brown by the admixture of iron oxide, surround you. Again and again you enter, on your journey of about two miles through the caverns, a new kind of a temple. From the lofty roof the most gorgeous chandeliers seem suspended, wonderful white drapery, fringes, and phantastic stone carvings floating down from the high dome above, and ascending from below to meet it, leaving between them a belt of impenetrable darkness. All else is brilliantly lit up by electric lights at different parts of the Cave, and glitters like a magic palace. Of such temples, or palaces, there are quite a number, at least a dozen, I should think, all connected together by passages more or less roomy. As to the belt of impenetrable darkness, mentioned before, which you perceive between the stalactite formation from above and the stalagmite world from below, it is the truly impenetrable darkness of the seemingly endless, mysterious abyss beyond. For though the path, through which the visitor is led, is in length only about two miles, let it be remembered that upwards of five or seven miles of the cave have been actually traversed, and who can tell how many more caverns will present themselves to the intrepid explorer?

The principal types of calcareous formation to be seen are, of course, 1st, the stalactite, which is formed like an icicle by the dripping of the strong, limestone water from above, and 2d, the stalagmite, which rises from the ground where the fallen drop partly evaporates, leaving a very thin crust, which in the course of thousands of years grows into a mighty pillar, often meeting a stalactite from above and uniting with it. More often the stalagmites remain alone, growing out of the ground, looking like mighty statues such as the grand stony pillars that form the wonderful Giant's Hall. Here the stalagmites look indeed like petrified giants, most notable among them the truly gigantic Empress column of purest white Alabaster above, and the Sultana Column near by. There are some other types of calcite formation, besides the named two. One kind is growing horizontally and in branches like corals, like sponges, like cauliflowers, &c., others settling in crystals, others forming round little pebbles like large pearls or bird's eggs. So at a certain point of our wanderings under earth, the guide lifted up a flat stone from its place on the ground, and disclosed a small hollow, looking like a bird's nest and containing one white egg, as perfectly shaped as possible. Till lately this nest had contained three eggs, perfect beauties, but within not many days before our visit, the guide said, two of the precious eggs had been stolen on the occasion of a great crowd visiting the Cave. On the whole it is of course the stalactite and stalagmite formations which give its character to the whole Cave, yet, though we see these two types almost endlessly repeated, it is almost incredible what a variety of formations we behold. Here stands Washington's Column, a fluted, massive stalagmite of immense diameter and 30 feet in height, and soon after we admire endless rows of little stalactites which, by a strange play of nature, look for all the world like rows of fishes hung up for sale; this part of the Cave is called the Fishmarket. At another part is a group called the Virgin Font. Here the limestone water has been trickling through the roof for untold ages, not only at one point, but in a line of points forming a large circle. The consequence is, that instead of a single stalagmite, there has been formed below a raised basin, containing a sheet of purest cold water, and above it, nearly meeting the jagged edges of the basin, descends a rich drapery with long fringes, hanging down gracefully in many voluminous folds, like the canopy of an Oriental princess. Another similar formation, looking still more like a gorgeous tent, is called the Saracen Tent. The so-called Ball Room is, I think, the most perfect and imposing of all the different caverns forming Luray Cave. It is the lowest of all, being 260 feet below the surface. It forms a vast, almost circular, immense dome. The ground is, by man's hand, provided with a wooden floor and surrounded by benches,—all the rest is Nature's architecture, fine galleries, colonnades and amphitheatrical seats roundabout the walls, to the very roof, all made of the purest alabaster. Here many a country dance has been held; also a marriage was once solemnized in this wonderful temple. At one part of the Cave you stand before a dark chasm, 75 feet deep, protected by a rail. At the one end, rising out of the impenetrable darkness of the abyss, you can distinguish a gigantic white stalagmite, aptly called The Spectre. This terrible abyss is justly called Pluto's Chasm, for truly, if there were a Tartarus, here would be its entrance. What is specially noticeable about the names given to the many and various points of interest in this Cave, is the fact that so many of them are taken from the ancient Greek and German Mythology. So you have such names as Hades, Chaos, Pluto's Chasm, Proserpina's Column, Oberon's Grotto, Titania's Veil, Lake Lethe, Diana's Bath, &c. The charming Grotto of Kalypso might have been found represented here many a time, but nobody, it seems, happened to think of it. Another notable point which impressed me strongly, was the remarkable resemblance which the different calcite formations bore to the objects by which they are named. So in the Fish Market, the Flower Garden,—most of all in the wonderful shawls and veils, some 40 feet long, all of stone, the resemblance to real shawls, blankets, &c., is marvelous. Every thin fold, even the brown border following every crease, is perfect. Often, elsewhere, when one is shown a rock said to resemble the face of a man, we cannot easily see the resemblance, and even when we have caught it a good deal of fancy is required; here this is not so, the resemblance is almost perfect. For instance, in the Cathedral there are the galleries, there is the pulpit, there is the organ, on which the guide will even play a little tune by striking the sonorous white pillars in succession. Our guide, by the way, is himself the very ideal of a guide. He patiently and intelligently explains everything, being in his remarks not only highly interesting, but evincing clearly that he is also most deeply interested in what he shows; in fact I believe, our guide is Andrew Campbell himself, the first man who ever entered the Cave, nearly 5 years ago. I can not describe in this letter, which has already become too long, all the wonders that we saw and which we might have yet seen. I will only mention the scratch left by the claw of a bear in olden times, and a human skeleton, supposed to be that of an Indian boy, now for the greatest part imbedded in hard limestone. The Fallen Column is a huge stalactite, reminding one of the large pillars before Salem Academy, only not quite so long, I think, which some 4000 years ago fell from the roof, owing to some volcanic disturbance. Now it lies with its original top lower than its once lower point and new stalagmites have formed on the very end which used to be attached to the high roof. The whole age of this giant pillar is computed to be not less than 7 millions of years.

When at last we came to the surface again in the same entrance hall whence we had descended, we became conscious that time had passed without our being aware of it—we had been, in fact, in another world, and that a world of wonders and beauty. Soon we were back at the hotel, and before 11 A. M., we were again already fast traveling southward the same way we had come the day before. The friendly conductor, the same with whom we had come up, meeting us almost like old acquaintances. At Waynesboro we also parted company with a certain gentleman, a highly cultured and interesting man, with whom we had become acquainted at Natural Bridge, and whom we had met again at Luray;—his name is known in the literature of the day. Before 4 P. M. we arrived at Natural Bridge station, grasped our valise tightly and hastened in a run for the Alleghany Railroad depot, half a mile distant. Here we just managed to catch a train, the last one of the day and, by a lucky chance, one hour late, which would take us yet to-day to Lynchburg. It was a mixed train, in fact, it had only the so-called caboose as an accommodation for passengers. Never before, I thought, had I traveled so comfortably as in this so-called caboose, with two long, cushioned seats at the sides, a large open room in the middle, and two large openings for heavy trunks. Even when at some further station an empty passenger car was picked up, I refused to avail myself of it, but traveled down the beautiful valley of the Upper James, which was lit up by the sinking sun, in perfect freedom from fixed and narrow seats and with a prospect utterly untrammelled by low windows.

All too soon we arrived at Lynchburg, where we stayed over night. The next morning we went by early train to Greensboro, and by 12 o'clock noon we were again home at Salem, where once, nearly eight years ago, after very long wanderings, I thought I would be able forever to have as my motto,

Inveni portum!

Alas! the desire for wandering has not yet died out as I hoped it would have done. When will it do so? Perhaps when this prayer will be fulfilled:

Come bid my toils be ended,
Let all my wanderings cease,
Call from the wayside lodging
To the sweet Home of Peace?

But there, too, we expect to travel and to wander, to behold new wonders and new worlds—the glorious works of God Almighty from day to-day—in eternity!

Farewell!

L. B. W.

EAST BEND, N. C., Aug. 15, 1883.

EDITORS PEOPLE'S PRESS:—Mr. P. H. Poindexter, of East Bend Township, sowed 4½ bushels of wheat, which gave 2 hands 1 good day's cutting: he made 192 dozen which was threshed out today by Poindexter, Shore & Co.,—time 1¾ hours, made 101 bushels, an average of 24¼ bushels to 1 bushel sown. How is that for Yadkin Valley? R. C. P.

CHATTANOOGA, August 16—A cyclone swept through this city yesterday afternoon. The East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia and Alabama Great Southern depots were unroofed. A large number of buildings were unroofed and several blown down. The flying timber seriously injured J. H. Bennings, flying through a distance of 300 feet and going through a box car before it struck him. There were several other casualties. A heavy hail storm occurred at the time, and horses ran away in all directions. Only one telegraph wire out of sixty remains intact. All telegraph business is seriously interrupted.

Remember the Sixty Day Bargain Book Sales at SALEM BOOKSTORE.

—An exchange says no doubt ere long "peanut flour" will be an important product in the South. The crop of the country has averaged $3,000,000. Virginia is set down this year for 2,100,000 bushels. Tennessee for 250,000 and North Carolina at 135,000 bushels, these being the chief States engaged in their cultivation. Virginians are beginning to turn the peanut into flour, and say it makes a peculiarly palatable "biscuit." In Georgia there is a custom now growing old, of grinding or pounding the shelled peanuts and turning them into pastry, which has some resemblance both in looks and taste, to that made of cocoanut, but the peanut pastry is more oily and richer, and, we think, healthier and better every way.

Tourgee's New Book.

HOT PLOUGHSHARES.

For sale at SALEM BOOKSTORE.

MARRIED.

—In this county, on the 9th inst., by Rev. Jas. E. Hall, MICHAEL SWAIM to Miss MARY FLOYD, all of Forsyth.

—In this county, on the 14th ult., by John Boyer, Esq., ENOCH F. SHUTT to Miss Emily Todd.

DIED.

In Pfafftown, on the evening of the 17th, of dropsy, EPHRAIM TRANSU, aged 72 years, 6 months and 9 days.

In this county, on the 9th inst., PETER WARNER, aged about 32 years.

Near Bethania, in this county, on the 10th inst., ANNA HUFFMAN, aged 50 years.

In this place, on the 12th inst., a child of Aquilla Brewer, aged 2 years.

In this place, on the 20th inst., FREDDIE B. THOMAS, grandson of Jacob Thomas, aged 1 year, 7 months and 20 days.

SALE OF HOUSE AND LOT.

As administrator of Alanson E. Welfare, deceased, with the will annexed, I shall offer for sale, on

Wednesday, September 12th, 1883

the House and Lot belonging to the estate of the deceased. The house, a two storied brick, is situated in a desirable part of Salem, nearly fronting new Shallowford Street.

The premises include a two story frame building, on the ground floor of which is a Shop or Store room, with a fine show window, suitable for any business, and on the second floor a room for Photograph Gallery, with a good sky-light; also other buildings usually found on improved lots.

At the same time and place, will also be sold some Household and Kitchen Furniture, Carpenter's Bench and Tools, Blacksmith's Bellows and Tools; a small Steam Engine, for running a Turning Lathe; Buggy and Harness, Photograph fixtures, and other useful articles.

Sale to begin at 1 o'clock, P. M.
Terms cash.

JAS. T. LINEBACK, Admin'r.

We would notify the reading public that for the next Sixty Days, we will sell a SELECT LOT OF *MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS*, suitable for all tastes, AT AND BELOW COST. There is no mistake about it.

A lot of shelf-worn and second hand books very CHEAP. Call and examine.

These are all CLEARANCE SALES, and all should avail themselves of this Sixty Day opportunity.

Send for Prices of *PRINTING of EVERY DESCRIPTION*, to SALEM PRINTING OFFICE. Best Work and Reasonable Prices.

SALE OF LAND.

BY virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, on MONDAY, THE 3RD DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1883, I will sell at the COURT-HOUSE DOOR IN WINSTON, EIGHTY ACRES of land, belonging to the estate of Henry Perrell, dec'd, lying in the county of Forsyth, and adjoining the lands of Augustus Fogle, and others.

Said Real Estate lies within 3 miles of Salem, with two story dwelling house and all necessary and convenient outhouses situated thereon, and is good, arable land.

Will be sold upon a credit of three months, bond with approved security required. Title reserved until payment of purchase money. Sale to begin at One o'clock, P. M.

HENRY A. LINEBACK,
August 1, 1883–4t. Commissioner.

WANDA,
OUIDA'S LAST NOVEL,
AT THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$ 90 to 1 00
Corn, per bushel,	00 to 65
Oats, " "	45 to 50
Rye, " "	00 to 00
Barley, per bush.,	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,	2 25 to 2 50
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to 0 65
Peas, (white,) " "	90 00 to 0 0
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,) " "	90 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel,	0 00 to 0 00
Pork,	8 00 to 9 00
Country Meat, (hog round,)	00 to 00
" Hams	00 to 00
Green Apples per bushel,	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen,	12 to 00
Butter, per pound,	20 to 25
Tallow, " "	8 to 08
Beeswax, " "	00 to 30
Flax Seed, per bushel,	90 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bush.,	50 to 60
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00 to 30
Cabbage, per pound,	00 to 00
Chickens, per dozen,	2 00 to 5 00
Hay, per hundred,	40 to 50
Fodder, per hundred bdls.,	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs.,	00 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs Common Red	4 00 to 5 50
" Good	7 00 to 10 00
" Bright	5 00 to 6 00
" Good	6 50 to 7 50
" Fine	12 00 to 18 00
Fillers Common	4 50 to 8 50
" Good	12 00 to 15 00
" Fine	20 00 to 25 00
Wrappers Common	15 00 to 25 00
" Good	20 00 to 30 00
" Fine	35 00 to 45 00
" Fancy	50 00 to 00 00

Dried Fruit Market.

Cherries, pitted,	15 cents.
Damsons, Plums,	8 "
Whortleberries,	8 "
Blackberries,	6 "
Quarter Apples,	3 to 4 "
Sliced Apples, common,	3 to 4 "
Sliced Apples, bright,	4 to 5 "
Dark Peeled Peaches,	3 to 4 "
Bright " "	7 to 9 "
Fancy " "	10 to 12 "
Quarters, unpeeled,	3 "
Halves "	4 "

CONTINENTAL HOOF OINTMENT

CURES

CRACKED HOOFS, SPRAINS, SCRATCHES and SORES

IN

HORSES, CATTLE and SHEEP.

Ask your Storekeeper for it, or write direct to the Manufacturers.

AMERICAN LUBRICATING OIL CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

STANDARD LAUNDRY WAX

Preserves Linen, gives a beautiful finish, prevents the iron from sticking, saves labor.

5 Cents a Cake.

Ask your Storekeeper for it.

Made by

Standard Oil Co.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

August 9, 1883—3 mos.

SUMMER READING.

NEW BOOKS AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.

PAPER BINDING.

Mongrels,	20c.
Honest Davie,	20c.
One May Day,	20c.
Wanda,	50c.
Colin Clout's Calendar,	25c.
Hyperion,	20c.
Outre-Mer,	20c.
Tricks of the Greeks,	20c.
Old Creole Days, 2 vols.,	20c.
Beyond Recall,	25c.
Democracy,	30c.
In the Olden Time,	25c.
Matrimony,	30c.
Story of Carnival,	25c.
Her Dearest Foe,	25c.
Golden Fleece,	30c.

A large lot of paper bound novels at and below cost, or at any reasonable figure.

CLOTH BOUND BOOKS.

But Yet a Woman, (The best new novel out.)	$1.25
Ladies Lindores, (Mrs. Oliphants last.)	$1.00
Majorie Daw,	$1.25
From Pongapog to Pesth,	1.00
Fanchette,	1.00
Rachels Share of the Road,	$1.00
Barrington's Fate,	1.00
Her Crime,	1.00
Little Sister.	1.00
Daughter of the Philistines,	$1.00
Lowell Birthday Book,	1.00

And lots of Books at and below cost
Now is your time to get School and Miscellaneous Books cheaper than ever before at
SALEM BOOKSTORE.

PLANTATION FOR SALE!

A tract of land containing about 112 acres, well watered, within three miles of Winston, with considerable wood land and meadow thereon, for sale. The improvements consist of a dwelling, barn and tobacco barn.

Apply to L. V. BLUM, Salem.
T. R. PURNELL, Raleigh.

TOWN LOTS FOR SALE!

The undersigned offers for sale four town lots in Winston, three situated on Depot Street, and one west of the court-house, in rear of Wm. B. Gleen's residence. For further information apply to the undersigned, or to Charles Bufort, at railroad depot.

Terms cash. L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

A. N. Zevely & Son,

637 F. Street Washington, D. C.

Attends to business before any of the Departments. Collections, etc.

—The largest and most complete assortment of

ZIEGLER BROTHER'S SHOES

ever brought to this market, just received. H. W. FRIES.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

John Man had a wife who was kind and true—
A wife who loved him well;
She cared for his home and their only child;
But, if I the truth must tell,
She fretted and pined because John was poor,
And his business was slow to pay;
But he only said, when she talked of change,
"We'll stick to the good old way."

She saw her neighbors were growing rich,
And dwelling in houses grand;
That she was living in poverty,
With wealth on every hand;
And she urged her husband to speculate,
To risk his earnings at play;
But he only said, "My dearest wife,
We'll stick to the good old way."

For he knew that the money that's quickly got
Is the money that's quickly lost;
And the money that stays is the money earned
At honest endeavor's cost;
So he plodded along in his honest style,
And he bettered himself each day;
And he only said to his fretful wife,
"We'll stick to the good old way."

And at last there came a terrible crash,
When beggary, want and shame
Came down on the names of their wealthy friends,
While John's remained the same;
For he had no debts and gave no trust,
"My motto is this," he'd say—
"It's a charm against panics of every kind—
'Tis 'Stick to the good old way.'"

And his wife looked 'round on the little house
That was every nail their own,
And she asked forgiveness of honest John
For the peevish mistress she had shown;
But he only said, as her tearful face
Upon his shoulder lay,
"The good old way is the best way, wife—
We'll stick to the good old way."

THE LIVING BARRIER.

It was a pretty sight to see old Uncle Jim, as he was called by every one who traveled the northern trail, sitting in front of his house in the afternoon in his great cane-bottomed chair, with Aunt Polly alongside of him in hers, the two holding each other's hand in the most unaffected and simple way.

Uncle Jim kept the station at Indian Well, and his house—as the rail was a great thoroughfare—was generally full in the evenings with freighters, packers, "bull punchers," and those traveling for business or pleasure.

Outside the house his dominion was complete, but inside Aunt Polly was absolute, for as he said: "Polly 'n me 'greed to split up th' bossin', an' I never interferes; neither does she. It conduces to peace, don't it, ole woman?"

It needed but a glance to see that nothing of this kind was necessary to keep peace between these two, for if ever there was a couple who lived for each other it was that one.

Every afternoon Uncle Jim would take his seat outside and light his pipe, soon to be joined by Aunt Polly, and there the two would sit, hand in hand, looking out at the beautiful scenery of Bald Peak canon. If any one was there Uncle Jim would tell stories, while Aunt Polly listened, lighting a match for him if his pipe went out, and when called upon giving her testimony to his statements in her soft voice and gentle way. I used to think the sight a beautiful one, and I was never tired of watching them.

A story which Uncle Jim was never tired of telling was that of his courtship. When he was young he had lived on the border, and had there wooed and won his pretty bride, for Aunt Polly must have been very beautiful when she was young, judging from her face when I saw her. Often as he told it, Aunt Polly never failed to slightly blush and remonstrate at one point, and as invariably Uncle Jim would chuckle and then gravely ask her pardon. But the story itself will be more interesting than my talking about how it was told.

"Long back in th' forties I were ez strapping a young feller ez you c'uld find on th' border, tho' I do say it myself, ez orter wait fur others to say sich a thing. In them days the border line were th' western edge of Ioway, an' my ol' father, Elder Richard Johnson, had moved out a little beyond th' most of the settlers. In fac' ther' wer' on'y one fam'ly further than ourn, and that were the Beekmans. My Polly's father wer' a curious kinder chap, an' he b'lieved ef he wer' nearer than thirty mile to any one he wer' bein' desperit crowded. 'N them days I used t' farm a leetle an' hunt consider'ble, fur th' hull country wer' full o' game. We didn't make no 'count at all of wild turkey nor prairie chicks, an' deer wer' the smallest things we thought wuth givin' any one. 'N the course o' my hunts I came 'cross the Beekman's cabin, an' had a talk with th' ol' man.

"'N course he 'vited me in, an' thar I met my Polly fur th' fust time. She's kinder old, boys, now, but you orter ha' seen her then. She wer' th' prettiest gal 'n that ar' section of country, an' t' my eyes th' prettiest I ever see. T' me she ez pretty ez ever, ain't you, ol' woman?"

And Uncle Jim gave Aunt Polly's hand a most perceptible squeeze.

"Arter that ar' fust visit I used to go thar purty reg'ler. I allus 'lowed fur to take some game with me ez a present t' Polly's mother, an' t' kinder keep th' ol' man quiet, fur he was monstrous fond of talkin' 'bout th' degeneracy of th' boys; an' I used t' think if he looked down on us that ar' way he'd kinder think I weren't fit t' hev Polly; an' fur a fac' I weren't, nor no other man ever wer'."

"Now, Jim," said Aunt Polly, warningly.

"All right, my dear! Th' fac' air, boys, Polly never w'u'd 'gree t' that statement. I've allus thought she kinder hankered arter Pete Bartons' the sto'keeper, and sorter 'gretted she didn't take him."

And Uncle Jim laughed until we all laughed, out of pure sympathy, Aunt Polly as loudly as any one.

"Wa'al," said the old man, wiping his eyes, "I used to go t' th' Beekmans ez much ez I c'u'd; an' I cottoned up t' Polly monstrous strong, but somehow I never c'u'd tell her how I keered fur her. I wer' kinder scared-like, an' I used to hope ez she'd sorter make the fust move. Mind you, Polly wer' lovin' me th' hull time, but she never let on, an' I hadn't the sayez of a mewl in th' matter. I used t' sit thar an' talk 'bout th' weather, an' th' crops, an' shootin', an' then go outside an' blame myself fur a fool, 'cause I hadn't said nothin' special t' her. I used t' make up talks fur t' say; but bless ye, when I got 'long of Polly I disremembered 'em totally.

"One day I wer' 'n the wood, 'long with father, an' th' two of us wer' cuttin' trees. Fell'n a small saplin', it broke sudden, an' fallin' hit me on the shoulder. I wer' consider'bly bruised-like, ez you may think, an' I went to bed when I got home, an' stayed thar. It wer' my left shoulder ez wer' hurt, an' it swelled up monstrous.

"The second day—I'll never forgit that time as long ez I live—a man came inter our house on his way t' th' fort—ol' Fort Benton. He told, arter supper, 'bout rumors ez th' Blackfeet wer' on th' war-path, an' said he wer' goin' to warn th' people.

"Arter they all went to sleep I lay thar, an' I c'u'd'nt get th' story outer my head. I s'pose it wer' th' pain of my shoulder ez much ez anythin', but I didn't seem to sleep. Finally I dropped off, an' I dreamed ez how th' redskins wer' takin' Polly's cabin. I woke up all of a start, an' in a cold sweat. That dream fixed me.

"I got up an' stole out quiet, not wakin' any one, to th' stable. Thar I saddled my critter, an' rode out into th' moonlight. Ez you may think, I headed straight fur old Beekman's place, an' ez my hoss wer' a good one, I did't spare spur ridin'. Now you b'lieve that ar' ride hurt my arm. Why, boys, I declar I thought I'd faint afore I got thar."

And Uncle Jim rubbed his shoulder. When he put his hand down Aunt Polly bent and kissed it.

"When I reached th' house it wer' 'bout 6 o'clock 'n th' morning, an' thar 'n th' front yard I seen Polly feedin' chickens. Ef you'll b'lieve me, when I got thar I got kinder 'shamed, an' ef I c'u'd have gone back I w'u'd.

"It seemed sorter foolish fur t' come that way, an' with a story that didn't really 'mount to much ez it stood.

"S'pose ther' weren't no raid, what w'u'd I have said, frightenin' them people into fits? However, Polly seen me an' hailed me, so I c'u'dn't go back then.

"I rode up an' got off. The fust thing I hearn wer' that th' old man an' his wife had gone to Brownville, leavin' Polly an' the four young uns t' keep house. I had some breakfast, an' then I sat down to smoke.

"Polly found out somehow 'bout my arm, an' she took on dreffful; railly, hearin' her, I didn't think it hurt half so much. She 'sisted on my sittin' still an' lettin' Tom Beekman, her brother—a slip 'bout ten—feed my hoss, which Tom, who had a kind of admiration fur me, wer' willin' enough to do.

"I didn't let on 'bout th' Blackfeet, but I sorter warned Tom to keep nigh the' house, an' I kept him by tellin' stories.

"Ez the day wore on, I got mo' an' mo' narvous, 'till 'bout 4 o'clock I up an' telled Polly the hull story. She got kinder white 'bout th' cheeks—didn't ye, ol' lady?—an' her eyes got big like.

"But she didn't flinch, not a mite. I reckon I loved her better then nor I did before. She asked what to do, an' I told her honest ther' wer' nothin' t' do 'cept wait, an' mebbe the reds wu'dn't come, an' mebbe her dad 'ud get back.

"The house wer' a log-cabin, fust rate fur fightin' in, 'cause old Beekman wer' too old a borderman not to make his house a reg'ler fort. That night Polly an' the young uns went to bed, an' I sat up.

"Now, mind ye, I hadn't said a word to Polly yet, but things wer' gettin' kinder easier, ez it wer'. I went to sleep 'bout three, leavin' Tom on watch. I guess it wer' 'most 8 o'clock when he waked me up an' said:

"'Jim, thar's somethin' movin' 'long th' edge of th' clearin'!'

"I got up an' looked out, an', sure enuff, I seen a head, with a feather on it, just over a bush. In course I knowed th' Injuns had come, an' ef you'll b'lieve me, my heart sorter sank down. I never felt skeered afore, 'cept of course with Polly, ez I knows on; but I wer' right down frightened then.

"It's a monstrous mean feeling, that same skeer. Let alone Polly, I had them young uns on my hands to take keer of, an' me with only one arm, fur my left shoulder wer' swelled ez big ez a mussmelon.

"I wer' lookin' at them redskins, fur they'd come out' th' bushes by this time, an' wonderin' what I'd do; an', boys, I never felt so mean in my life, when I felt a little hand on my shoulder—th' well one. I turned round, an' thar wer' Polly standin'.

"'Jim,' says she, 'I ain't a bit skeered with you.' I looked 'n her eyes for a moment, an' I got ez bold ez brass. I bent down, puttin' my arm round her, an' kissed her, an' ef you'll b'lieve me Polly kissed me back."

"Now, Jim, you know that ain't true," said Aunt Polly, with a conscious smile, her cheek slightly reddening as she spoke.

"I begs your parding, my dear," said Uncle Jim, with an elaborate wink at the rest of us, intended to assure us that he firmly held to his theory; "I outer have 'membered you don't give in t' that ar. However, at any rate you didn't object, did ye?"

"No, dear," said the old lady, with a plac'd smile.

"I looks at her for a moment, an' I says:

"'Polly,' says I, 'I loves you, darlin.'

"Dog gone me ef she did't put her head down on my shoulder an' begin t' cry. I didn't know what t' do.

"'Polly,' says I, 'is you skeered, darlin'?'

"She lifted up her head an' says, soft-like, her head bent down:

"'I die willing, dear, to hear you say that. I'm cryin' Jim, 'cause I'm so happy.'

"Now I wer' happy, too, happy as a b'ar 'n a honey tree, but I didn't feel like cryin'. Not much, boys. I felt, sore arm an' all, ez tho' I c'u'd lick all the redskins this side of the Rockies. I never did feel so good ez I did then. I kissed Polly agin, an' then I prepared for work. By this time them Injuns had made up their minds ez to what they'd do, an' a few on 'em come up t' th' house to break in. They know'd th' old man wer' away, it seems. I'm glad t' say ez how three on 'em didn't go back, for Tom settled one an' I fetched two, restin' the rifle on th' logs an' Polly loadin' fur me. Th' rest, they got out. I s'pose it wer' too hot fur 'em. Th' next thing wer' a flight of arrers agin' th' logs, but, bless ye, we didn't care for them. Then ther' wer' a lull kinder for a time, an' at last I seen some fire arrers fly out. They'd taken tufts of grass, wound 'em round the arrers, an' shot 'em off blazing. At first they fell short, an' wharever I c'u'd see a redskin I'd fire, gener'ly hurtin' the chap I aimed at. But arter a while they moseyed 'round th' clearin' to th' side nearest th' house, an' here they'd fire them arrers from behind trees, so I didn't see em.

"Bimebye one of 'em lit, an' fust thing I knowed, th' roof were on fire. Now, I were consider'ble bothered 'bout this, fur I had no water to put th' fire out, an' ef I had, I c'u'dn't work much with one arm. I were studyin' on it, an' them reds were yellin' outside, when all of a sudden my eye fell on a long pole in one corner.

"That 'ar roof were made of shakes—slabbed-out boards, you know—an' they was pinned to th' beams. I picks up th' pole, an' puttin' it agin th' burnin shake, th' hull lot of us heaved. Bimebye th' shake give an' slid off.

"Wall, I were delighted! I kissed Polly an' th' two gals, an' shook hands with Tom. I calcilated that we'd shove off a shake soon ez it got on fire, an' I knowed' th' logs w'u'dn't burn. I told Polly to get a mattrass, an' get under it, so ez to be safe ef any arrers fell through th' hole, but she put th' young uns thar, an' stayed out herself. Said she wer'en't goin' to let me be in danger, a' she outer it. 'Pears to me now ez this were kinder foolish, but then I thought it were just like Polly, an' in course what Polly did were right."

"I'd do the same now, Jim," said the old lady.

"I b'lieve you w'u'd, I b'lieve you w'u'd! Waal, boys, time slipped on, an' every chance Tom or I got we'd fire, an' somebody'd get hurt. I told Tom an' Polly an' the gals to keep a sharp lookout, fur I were feared of a run-in by th' reds. Sure enuff, 'bout 10 o'clock they come. Fust thing I knowed they were batterin' away at th' door, an' they got it down.

"Wall, it 'peared t' me ez tho' I went crazy just then. I ketched hold of an ax standin' thar an' I set myself in that doorway an' ef you'll b'lieve me, ther wern't no Injun ez come in. My arm! I never thought 'bout my arm at all till it wer' all over."

"Jim stood up ther' in frunt of us," broke in Aunt Polly, with kindling eyes, "an' it seemed to me ez if he got bigger. He swung that ax round his head ez if it wer' a reed. Just beyond him wer' the howling crowd of savages, leapin' at him like wolves, and yelling ez only Injuns can yell. I could see them by the firelight. Between them and us stood Jim, an' they never got past him. I tell you it wer' a grand sight! It seemed to me ez tho' I was ez safe ez ever I was, an' I felt sure Jim w'u'dn't get hurt. I knowed he w'u'dn't!"

"Th' old lady allus gets a leetle off her head 'bout that fight," said Uncle Jim, with a glance full of affection at his wife; "but it wer' a grand one that's a fac'. I dunno how long it lasted; it mout have bin a minute an' it mout have bin an hour fur all I c'u'd tell. At last the reds broke an' run, leavin' a pile of 'm lyin' at that doorstep. We got up th' door agin, an' arter that they let us alone fur the night. Next morning, 'bout seven, a lot of men come an' the Injuns got out. I wer' sick with my arm fur a long time, but Polly, she 'sisted on our bein' married so she c'u'd nuss me, an' we wer'. When I got well we gin a party, an' a high old time we had. Sence then we've had our easy times an' hard times, but take it all round and we've lived pretty well. An' th' best of it all is that we've never had no trouble atween us, has we, Polly," and Uncle Jim looked at his wife.

"No, dear, never a bit," was the gentle answer from Aunt Polly.—*Alfred Balch.*

Impaling.

The Annamese have brought the science of impalement to a much finer point than might be inferred from the process heretofore described. A French officer, who witnessed an execution in Tonquin, before the recent troubles, gives a very curious account of the apparatus of impalement. A lofty stake with sharp point is fixed into the ground as firmly as a telegraph pole; and with the upper part a chair of iron, having an orifice in the center of the seat, is connected. The point of the stake fits the orifice in the chair; and the latter is lowered or raised by machinery set in motion by a crank—so that several feet of the pole can be forced through the body of any one seated in the chair. There is a lofty platform, rising to the same height as the pole, and reached by a ladder. The executioner compels his victim to mount and take his seat in the chair, whereon he is immovably chained. Then the crank is turned forty or fifty times—the stake being buried further and further in the criminal's body at each turn.

All this appears unutterably horrible to Europeans; but the Orientals are not constituted as we are. They fear ordinary forms of death very little; and decapitation or hanging has as little terrors for them as the workhouse for the common Anglo-Saxon criminal. Moreover, their nervous system—especially that of the Chinese and kindred races is not altogether similar to the nervous system of Aryan races. The French officer who witnessed the method of execution above described, avers that the criminal continued to eat a banana, until the operation was half completed; and many travelers concur in bearing evidence that the Chinese exhibit under torture a degree of fortitude equal, if not superior, to the well-known stoicism of the American Indian. But it is rather strange to learn that part of the iron machinery used in the impaling process referred to, bears the trade-mark of a French ironmaster!

The World's Gold and Silver.

The subjoined statement will exhibit the production of the precious metals throughout the world in 1882, carefully compiled from the most authentic sources:

Countries.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
AMERICA.			
Alaska	$100,000	$50,000	$150,000
British Col.	3,000,000	100,000	3,100,000
United States.	32,400,000	46,950,000	79,350,000
Mexico	600,000	24,000,000	24,600,000
Guatemala	600,000	400,000	1,000,000
Honduras	200,000	150,000	350,000
San Salvador.	300,000	200,000	500,000
Nicaragua	200,000	175,000	375,000
Costa Rica	150,000	100,000	250,000
Columbia	800,000	200,000	1,000,000
Venezuela	225,000	125,000	350,000
Guiana	175,000	100,000	275,000
Brazil	850,000	450,000	1,300,000
Bolivia	100,000	8,000,000	8,100,000
Chili	600,000	780,000	1,380,000
Argentine Rep	500,000	400,000	900,000
Patagonia	100,000	20,000	120,000
Oth. countries	100,000	50,000	150,000
Totals	1, 000,000	$82,250,000	$123,200,000
EUROPE.			
Russia	$30,000,000	$500,000	$80,500,000
Austria	1,500,000	225,000	1,725,000
Prussia	1,000,000	275,000	1,275,000
France	175,000	400,000	575,000
Spain	225,000	2,000,000	2,225,000
Oth. countries	100,000	400,000	500,000
Totals	$33,000,000	$3,800,000	$36,000,000
ASIA.			
Japan	$600,000	$2,000,000	$2,600,000
Borneo	800,000	525,000	1,335,000
China	700,000	475,000	1,175,000
Archipelago	900,000	3,000,000	3,900,000
Totals	$,3000,000	$6,000,000	$9,000,000
Australia	$32,000,000	$522,000	$32,525,000
New Zealand	6,000,000	475,000	6,475,000
Africa	2,000,000	500,000	5,500,000
Oceania	1,000,000	450,000	1,450,000
Grand totals	$118,000,000	$94,000,000	$212,000,000

The annual product of the precious metals attained its acme in 1853, since which date the annual product of gold has decreased one-half, while that of silver has doubled.

He Did Not Hear It.

Johnny Fizzletop had been over to the house of a neighbor, Colonel Percy Yerger.

"Well, Johnny," asked Major Fizzletop, "did you have a nice time over at Colonel Yerger's?"

"Oh, yes, I had a nice time, and, pa, they are going to have cabbage for dinner."

"Haven't I told you forty times that you must never repeat what you have heard at people's houses."

"But, pa, I didn't hear anything about the cabbage, I smelled it with my nose."—*Siftings.*

Cheerfulness in large doses is the best medicine one can take along in his out-door tramps.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The railways now constructed and being operated cover a distance which would reach eight times around the earth.

It is asserted that the largest ivory factory in the world is at Centerbrook, Conn., where sometimes $125,000 of ivory is bleaching.

An Englishman bequeathed his two daughters their weight in one-pound bank notes. One of the girls received £54,200 and the other £59,344.

In the old days English farmers were so slovenly in their methods as to allow the thistles to grow in the wheat in such numbers that the reapers were compelled to wear gloves. The thistles were collected by themselves and were fed to the cattle.

An experiment was lately made at Paris to determine the power of a crocodile's jaw. The animal was fixed on a table with its upper jaw connected with a dynamometer. An electric shock caused him to give a sudden snap, and 308 pounds were marked on the instrument. It was calculated that the contractile force of the muscle causing the movement was 1,540.

Among the formalities connected with cutting the hair is the attention paid to the time. Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," alluding to this superstitious fancy, remarks: "The set and statutory times of paring nails and cutting hair is thought by many a consideration which is perhaps but the continuance of an ancient superstition." Thus Friday is considered by many an unlucky day for cutting the hair, and Sunday for shaving the beard; hence the following couplet:

Friday cut and Sunday shorn,
Better never have been born.

The Swedes and Norwegians "swaddle" their babes; that is, pin them up in a tight bandage, because it keeps them from kicking around and makes them easier to handle. They always take them to church, but instead of taking them into the house of worship, they make a hole in the snow outside in the church-yard and bury them in it, leaving a small aperture for breathing purposes. The babies are kept splendidly warm, while their friends within the sacred building have their beards frozen to their fur coats by the freezing of their own breath.

WISE WORDS.

Whatever is becoming is honest, and whatever is honest must always be becoming.

Good is never more effectually performed than when it is produced by small degrees.

A woman should never accept a lover without the consent of her heart, nor a husband without the consent of her judgment.

The greatest happiness of this life is to be thoroughly resigned to providence, a resignation which constitutes the true reposer of life.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to show our defects, and never fails to make us taken notice of, either as wanting sense or sincerity.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other's comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forbearing, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives.

A Problem in Flying.

A London letter says that an interesting discussion is at present going on among scientific engineers in regard to the flight of birds, which has considerable bearing upon the flying-machine question. It is a matter of observation that birds, without any movement of their outstretched wings, and without any apparent muscular exertion, are enabled to rise in the air and to move laterally even against the wind. The modus operandi of these movements is a mystery, and scientists are trying to discover the secret. The most plausible theory is that the wings may be placed in such a position as to divert a current of air from its normal course until it represents two sides of an angle, of which the apex is the hinder portion of the bird's body. If that be the case—say the theorists—there would be really two currents of air coming into collision at the apex, the result of which would be a pressure upon the body of the bird at that point, urging it forward with force far greater than on first thought might be supposed. The smoothness of the feathers in but one direction reduces to a minimum all opposition to a forward movement. Experiments are now being carried out with mechanical contrivances to demonstrate the correctness of the theory, and it is stated that the investigators are in a fair way to a discovery of the cause of the phenomenon, and also to a solution of the flying-machine question.

Oratory on Inanimate Objects.

A law student is reported to have been laughed out of Lafayette, Ind., because detected in the act of airing his eloquence to his father's wood-pile. As if there was anything to be ashamed of in this sort of practice, or a man could be perfect in any gift without exercising it. Henry M. Brackenbride, in his very interesting "Recollections," mentions the fact that when he first came to the bar in Baltimore, in 1808 and succeeding years, it was his custom to cross over to "Whetstone Point" (the busiest part of Locust Point to-day), and there exercise himself in declamation under the shelter of some tall hedgerows. One day, as he was entering his bosky dell, he found some one speaking in advance of him, and, approaching with precaution, found the great William Pinkney rehearsing with care every point, sentence and gesture of a speech which, next day, he delivered in court as impromptu. Pinkney was at this time in the zenith of his fame—the only American lawyer with an European reputation—and he owed his great distinction to his assiduous labor and practice.—*Baltimore American.*

"Jabez," said his wife, sharply, that man you hired last week is down with the lock-jaw. Now I want to know if that's anything ketchin'?" And Jabez looked at her with tears in his eyes and said, in mournful tones: "Oh, no. No. No. Alas, no; 'taint ketchin'." And he says, although she won't believe it, that he doesn't know what made her so outrageously mad about it.—*Hawkeye.*

FASHION NOTES.

The fever for white hats continues

Buttons imitating buckles are in use.

Gray is the favored color for riding habits.

White plumes and tips are in constant demand.

Plaited lace in all widths is used in great abundance.

Leafless roses are extravagantly used as bonnet garniture.

Flower epaulets vie with ribbon bows for the shoulder.

Very handsome French jet is again in favor for rich costumes.

Large sailor hats are considered in keeping with blouse waists.

Short pelerines with long tab-like ends in front are much worn.

Low shoes, tied across the instep, are worn with black stockings.

Overdresses of Persian material are in good taste and much admired.

Embroidered gauze is employed for trimming handsome morning and mountain hats.

Little gypsy hats of dark blue or deep yellow straw, trimmed with a cluster of wild flowers, are very pretty for morning wear.

Swallows are fashion's favorites in Paris. They adorn bonnets by twos and threes; they are embroidered on dresses and parasols, painted on ornaments and stamped on buttons.

Flower necklets or dog-collars of small roses, apple blossoms, forget-me-nots, pansies or daisies make a pretty and tasteful heading for a deep lace frill or collarette, but they are suitable only for evening wear.

The traveling cloak for young ladies' summer journeys is a cheviot Newmarket, closely fitted from neck to foot, with checks of mingled ecru, garnet, brown and olive. There is a pointed hood with garnet silk lining.

India mull is the bride's dress of this season. The trains are made to fall in a Watteau plait from the shoulders, and the veil is of tulle, the wreath and garnitures of orange blossoms, buds and much green foliage.

Clusters of three-jet beads, strung together like a three-leaved clover, make a pretty finish to the edges of the basque, neck and sleeves of the black silk or grenadines dresses. Dull jet beads are used in the same way on black nun's veiling dresses for ladies in mourning.

A tucker of plain white lawn shirred across, with two soft puffs around the neck, fills the pointed or square openings of dress waists; two puffs also edge the sleeves. If embroidery is preferred it is flat inside the open space, and there are two standing frills around the neck.

HEALTH HINTS.

Dr. J. H. Mussen has produced good results in a number of cases of varicose veins from the use of fluid extract of hamamelis in teaspoonful doses. The cases are recorded in the *Medical Times.*

The *Medical Record* says that Professor Bisoz has found in seventeen cases of snake bites that a filtered solution of chloride of lime, injected into the place where the virus entered, prevented any poisonous symptoms appearing.

A physician says that it must not be assumed that, because there is more fresh and unbreathed air on the mountains or at the seaside, there need be no precautions. There are special exposures in these changes. The dampness of morning and night is often apparent, and flannel underclothing is needed. The crowding into smaller rooms gives less air space and tempts to open windows, which, however good, must not be so situated as, through small openings, to pour a stream of air on the body when covered with perspiration. The beds in hotels are not infrequently damp, and many colds have their origin from them.

In some parts of England, among the poorer classes, a large glass of cold spring water, taken on going to bed, is found to be a successful remedy for colds; in fact, many medical practitioners recommend a reduced atmosphere and frequent draughts of cold fluid as the most efficacious remedy for a recent cold, particularly when the patient's habit is full and plethoric. It is well known that confining inoculated persons in warm rooms will make their smallpox more violent by augmenting the general heat and fever; and it is for the same reason that a similar practice in colds is attended with analagous results—a cold being in reality a slight fever.

Editor Versus Broker.

In connection with the bridge a good story was told of one of the most genial and popular of financial editors in this city. Thursday he was accosted by a well-known member of the stock exchange, who asked if he could get him a pass over the bridge.

"Not to-day," said the editor, "but if you will walk down to my room I will give you a pass over the bridge good for to-morrow."

The broker overwhelmed him with thanks and followed him to the office, when the editor, with a twinkle in his eye, presented the applicant with a cent. The broker was disposed at first to be very angry at what he termed an insult, but when it dawned upon him that next day the bridge would be open to all comers at one cent each, he ordered the drinks and asked that no more be said about it.—*New York World.*

The Annamese Court of Appeals.

The law courts of Annam seem to be as numerous and complicated as those of the most civilized community; but, if a plaintiff fails to obtain redress in any of them, having tried them all in due order, there remains for him the following simple expedient: He proceeds to the court of appeal, or Tain Phap—a building lying close to the outer walls—where he finds hanging to a door a gong with its stick attached. On this he strikes three heavy blows and then a number of softer ones, whereupon an attendant appears, and says, with a magisterial tone of voice, "What do you ask for?" "Justice," replies the plaintiff, handing in his petition. "You shall have it," is the response, and we are assured that the Tain Phap is generally as good as the word of its representative.—*London Times.*

An insurance agent named Pyle,
In running fell over the stile,
St. Jacobs Oil gave relief
And the pain was so brief,
He got up and said: "I should smile."
A lame old lady at Keyser,
Had no one to advise her,
Till Doctor John Boyle
Tried St. Jacobs Oil,
Its action did simply surprise her.

Rough-and-ready straws, trimmed with straw flowers and braid, are the most substantial hats for children for school wear.

A QUEEN OF THE STAGE.

"Her Second Love," and the Important Secret She Reveals for the Benefit of Women.

(*New York World.*)

Several years ago the American public were aroused by the entree upon the stage of a little lady who had been previously but little announced. She was one of an innumerable number of aspirants for public favor and had no instrumentality, aside from her own talents, to cause recognition. In spite of this fact, however, she quickly achieved a warm place in the heart of the public, which she has continued to hold ever since. When it was announced, therefore, that Miss Maud Granger would star the coming season in the play "Her Second Love," written by Mr. John A. Stevens, it was only natural that unusual interest should be manifested not only in theatrical circles, but in other branches of the community. This was specially the case, as it was known that Miss Granger had, for the past year, been in exceedingly delicate health, and the determination to star in a strong emotional play was the more surprising. One of the staff of this paper was accordingly deputized to see the popular lady and verify the rumor or announce its incorrectness.

Miss Granger's countenance is familiar to nearly every one in the United States. It is a face once seen never to be forgotten. Features remarkable in their outline and contour are surmounted by a pair of large and deep eyes indicative of the greatest soul power. It is easy to see where Miss Granger obtains the ability to portray characters of the most emotional nature. She possesses within herself the elements of feeling, without which no emotion can be conveyed to an audience. The man of news found the lady at her home in this city, and was accorded a quiet welcome. It was evident at once that she was in greatly improved health, which the expression and color of her countenance both indicated.

"Is it true, Miss Granger, that you contemplate a starring tour the coming season?"

"Yes indeed. My season begins in Chicago on July 16. From there I go to San Francisco, and then play the remainder of the season through the Eastern and Western States."

"Are you confident your health will permit such an undertaking?"

A ringing laugh was the first reply to this question, after which she said:

"Certainly. It is true I have been ill for the past two years, but now I am wholly recovered. Few people can have any idea of the strain a conscientious actress undergoes in essaying an emotional part. It is necessary to put one's whole soul into the work in order to rightly portray the character. This necessitates an utter abandonment of one's personality and an assumption of the character portrayed. If this is an emotional part it is necessary to *feel* the same emotions the part is supposed to feel. For more than a year I actually cried each night in certain passages of a part I was playing. The audience considered it art. Probably it was, but those were none the less real tears and the effect was none the less trying upon my health."

"But do you anticipate avoiding this in the future?"

"Not in the least. I expect to have just as great a strain as before, but with restored health and a knowledge of how to retain it I do not fear."

"You speak of a 'knowledge of how to retain health.' Will you please explain what you mean by that?"

"You must be aware that women by their very natures are subject to troubles and afflictions unknown to the sterner sex. The name of these troubles is legion, but in whatever form they may come they are weaknesses which interfere with every ambition and hope in life. I believe thousands of noble women are to-day suffering agonies of which even their best friends and relatives know little or nothing, and when I reflect upon it I confess it makes me sad. Now all this misery arises largely from an ignorance of the laws of life or a neglect to carefully observe them. I speak from the depths of a bitter experience in saying this, and I am thankful I know the means of restoration, and how to remain in perfect health."

"Please explain more fully."

"Well, I have found a remedy which seems specially adapted for this very purpose. It is pure and palatable and controls the health and life as, I believe, nothing else will. It is really invaluable and if all the women in America were to use it I am quite sure most of the suffering and many deaths might be avoided."

"What is this wonderful remedy?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"And you use it?"

"Constantly."

"And hence believe you will be able to go through the coming season successfully."

"I am quite certain of it."

"A few questions more, Miss Granger. Will you please give me a list of the parts you have created and the plays you have taken part in since your first appearance in public?"

"I first played for some time with the amateurs in New York and Brooklyn. I then went to the Union Square theatre for two seasons, after that to the Boston Globe for one season and then to Booth's theatre in this city. Next I supported John McCullough and afterwards starred in Julie, Camille, Rosalind, etc. Subsequently I created the part of Cicely Blaine in the 'Galley Slave' and also starred in 'Two Nights in Rome,' playing the part of Antonia. This past year I have been playing in the 'Planter's Wife' and the coming season, as I have said, will be devoted to 'Her Second Love.'"

As the writer was returning home he fell into a train of musing and wondered if all the women in this land who are suffering could only know Miss Granger's experience and the remarkable results achieved by the pure remedy she used, how much suffering might be avoided and how much happiness secured.

Whistling Fish.

One of the most singular of the fish family is doubtless the whistling sucker, which is sometimes caught in Walker Lake. The fish when caught emits a plaintive whistle which will almost persuade an angler with any tenderness of heart to throw it back into the water. Charley Kimball has one which was caught in a net when quite young. He keeps it in a tank and has taught it to know him and whistle when it is hungry. When its master approaches the fish pushes its nose and mouth barely out of the water, and, making a pucker with its lips which the human pucker does not nearly equal, whistles some shrill notes. It appears to have some of the parrot characteristics, and Kimball thinks that in time he can teach it to whistle part of some simple tune.—*Walker Lake (Nev.) Bulletin.*

Somebody's Child.

Somebody's child is dying—dying with the flush of hope on his young face, and somebody's mother thinking of the time when that dear face will be hidden where no ray of hope can brighten it—because there was no cure for consumption. Reader, if the child be your neighbor's, take this comforting word to the mother's heart before it is too late. Tell her that consumption is curable: that men are living to-day whom the physicians pronounced incurable, because one lung had been almost destroyed by the disease. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured hundreds; surpasses cod liver oil, hypophosphites, and other medicines in curing this disease. Sold by druggists.

CONTRIBUTION boxes will take trade dollars at par.

LEWISVILLE, Ind.—Rev. J. S. Cain says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for nervous prostration and found it entirely satisfactory."

A LAUGHING stock—A collection of good jokes.

Truth is Mighty.

When Dr. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., announced that his "Favorite Prescription" would positively cure the many diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, some doubted, and continued to employ the harsh and caustic local treatment. But the mighty truth gradually became acknowledged. Thousands of ladies employed the "Favorite Prescription" and were speedily cured. By druggists.

HE who begins many things finishes but few.

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick relief; complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Do not be imposed on by the humbug stuffs offered. Ask your dealer for Frazer's, with label on. Saves your horse labor and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

PUREST AND BEST COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

That Husband of Mine

Is three times the man he was before using Wells' Health Renewer. $1. Druggists.

As a reliable remedy for indigestion and a certain cure for dyspepsia, GASTRINE without doubt stands first. GASTRINE is in liquid form. Sold by druggists.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging irritation, inflammation, Kidney, Urinary complaints, cured by Buchupaiba. $1.

You would use St. Patrick's Salve if you knew the good it would do you.

No Rest Day or Night.

In the fall of 1875 my sufferings were terrible. I was swollen to such proportions that I feared my limbs would burst. I had the best medical talent obtainable, and at the worst stage of my illness, when my husband and many friends had given me up to die, the late Dr. John Woodbury made a thorough examination of my water, and pronounced my case acute kidney disease, bordering on Bright's disease, and accompanied by gravel, and recommended the immediate use of Hunt's Remedy. At this time I was suffering most terrible pain in my back, limbs and head, and could find no rest day or night for weeks, and I was growing weaker daily until this kind physician ordered me to take Hunt's Remedy. Before taking half of one bottle I commenced to improve, and after taking six bottles was entirely cured. This was nearly eight years ago, and I have had no return of the disease. I have recommended Hunt's Remedy to others in similar cases, and it has never failed to cure. I have also used it for sick headache, and found in it a sure relief. I think it the best medicine made, and cheerfully recommend it to all.

MRS. W. H. STILSON,
No. 16 Tyler Street, Boston, Mass.
April 18, 1883.

A Well-Known Man.

Hunt's Remedy having been recommended to me for kidney and liver complaints, I purchased some at the "People's Drug Store" and used it in my family, and found it to be a very valuable medicine, and I gladly recommend it highly to my friends, knowing it to be beneficial to those troubled with kidney or liver disease. Respectfully yours,

ELISHA NOYSE,
63 G Street, South Boston, Mass
April 14, 1883.

A Last Manufacturer.

I have used Hunt's Remedy for the kidney complaint, and, having been fully restored to health by its use, I can testify to its value. Daily I recommend it to some one of my friends, all of whom I know have been benefited by its use. Gratefully,

GEO. P. COX.
Malden, Mass., April 23, 1883.

UNIVERSAL brotherhood admits of no creed but brotherhood.

In the cure of severe coughs, weak lungs, spitting of blood, and the early stages of consumption, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has astonished the medical faculty. While it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood. By druggists.

BONNER, the New York *Ledger* proprietor, owns 170 horses.

A full feeling after meals, dyspepsia, heartburn and general ill-health relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

Cua policy promotes not good men but good wire-pullers.

SPARTA, Tenn.—Dr. W. B. Cummings says: "I am strongly convinced of the efficacy of Brown's Iron Bitters, and recommend them."

TENNESSEE has twenty-five copper furnaces.

As a cure for heart disease, nervousness and sleeplessness, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator is unsurpassed. Thirty years trial prove it. $1 per bottle at your druggists.

SWITZERLAND has an available army of over 200,000.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The VOLTAIC BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Carbo-lines.

The wind may roar among the trees,
Yet great ships sail the stormy seas.
The baldhead man may rave and swear,
Yet Carboline restores the hair.

LADIES & children's boots & shoes cannot run over if Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners are used.

Another Life Saved.

J. C. Gray, of Dadeville, Ia., writes us:

"I have been using your Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and I can say, of a truth, it is far superior to any other Lung preparation in the world. My mother was confined to her bed four weeks with a cough, and had every attention by as good physicians as there are in the country, and they all failed to effect a cure; but when I got one bottle of your Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, she began to mend right away. I can say in truth, that it was the means of saving her life. I knew of five cases that Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam has cured, and my mother is better now than she has been before for twenty years."

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.			
Beef cattle, good to prime l w	8	@	9½
Calves, com'n to prime veals	6	@	8¾
Sheep	4	@	5¼
Lambs	5½	@	7
Hogs—Live	6¼	@	6¾
Dressed, city	7⅞	@	8⅜
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	4 30	@	6 00
West, good to choice	4 45	@	7 35
Wheat—No 2 Red	1 14½	@	1 14¾
No. 1 White	1 10	@	1 10½
Rye—State	69	@	71½
Barley—Two-rowed State	80	@	90
Corn—Ungrad. West. mixed.	49	@	61
Yellow Southern	59	@	65
Oats—White State	45	@	51¼
Mixed Western	39	@	43
Hay—Med. to pr. Timothy	65	@	90
Straw—No. 1, Rye	50	@	55
Lard—City Steam	8 85	@	9 60
Butter—State Creamery	22½	@	23
Dairy	15	@	21¼
West. Im. Creamery	12	@	16
Factory	9	@	14
Cheese—State Factory	8¼	@	10¼
Skims	2	@	5¼
Western	6	@	8¾
Eggs—State and Penn	20	@	21
Potatoes—State bbl	1 25	@	1 50
BUFFALO.			
Steers—Good to Choice	5 25	@	5 75
Lambs—Western	5 00	@	6 40
Sheep—Western	4 75	@	5 25
Hogs—Good to choice Yorks	5 65	@	5 85
Flour—C'y ground n. process	7 50	@	8 00
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 17	@	1 21
Corn—No. 2, Mixed New	55	@	57
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	41	@	42
Barley—Two-rowed State	78	@	80
BOSTON.			
Beef—Ex. plate and family	15 50	@	16 00
Hogs—Live	6½	@	7
Northern Dressed	8	@	8¼
Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl	15 00	@	—
Flour—Winter Wheat patents	6 75	@	7 00
Corn—High Mixed	67½	@	68
Oats—Extra White	55	@	56
Rye—State	78	@	80
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.			
Beef—Extra quality	6 12½	@	6 62½
Sheep—Live weight	4¾	@	5½
Lambs	6½	@	7½
Hogs—Northern, d. w	6¾	@	7
PHILADELPHIA.			
Flour—Penn. ex family, good	5 00	@	5 75
Wheat—No. 2, Red	1 15	@	1 16
Rye—State	64	@	65
Corn—State Yellow	58	@	62
Oats—Mixed	39	@	41¼
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	21	@	23
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	10¾	@	11

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BACKACHE,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
SORE THROAT,
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N Y N U—31

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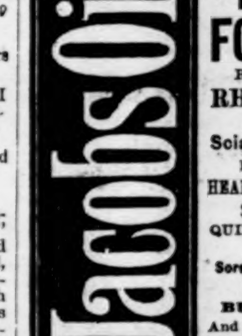
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If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—Fail.

—The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters, and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask any good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth.

—Malarial Fever, Ague and Biliousness will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

—"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—Ed. Oswego Sun.

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters!

—"At the change of life nothing equals
Hop bitters to allay all troubles incident
Thereto."

—"The best periodical for ladies to take monthly and from which they will receive the greatest benefit is hop bitters.

—Mothers with sickly, fretful, nursing children will cure the children and benefit themselves by taking hop bitters daily.

—Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of hop bitters.

—Indigestion, weak stomach, irregularities of the bowels cannot exist when hop bitters are used.

A timely * * * use of hop
Bitters will keep a whole family
In robust health a year at a little cost.

—To produce real genuine sleep and child-like repose all night, take a little hop bitters on retiring.

—That indigestion or stomach gas at night, preventing rest and sleep, will disappear by using hop bitters.

—Paralytic, nervous, tremulous old ladies are made perfectly quiet and sprightly by using hop bitters.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]

Messrs. Editors:—

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On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

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For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

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